

MAN'S TOMORROW



WILLIAM W. KINSLEY



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IN PREPARATION

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

DOES PRAYER AVAIL?
WAS CHRIST DIVINE?

The present volume will soon be followed by two others bearing the above titles, both closely conjoined with the first in certain essential elements and in mode of treatment, and the three constituting together a discussion along new lines of a single unified three-fold theme

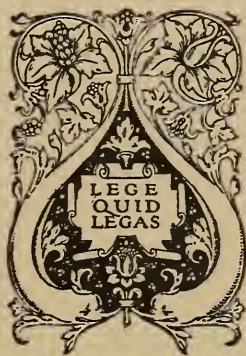
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BY

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"Old Faiths and New Facts," etc.



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PREFACE

A decade and a half ago I published under another title the results of my research and reflection on this great question which has alike allured and eluded for almost a score of centuries, the most eager inquirers throughout the Christian world.

With increased leisure and facilities for investigation, I have secured so much important, attractive, and new material I have concluded to re-write my views and bring them down to date, for while life lasts this theme so far-reaching, and of such universal, personal interest cannot fail to arrest attention, and while scientists in recent times are so tireless and so successful in their search into the secrets of nature our conclusions should frequently pass in review and undergo careful revision in consonance with this continual inflooding of new light.

The fearless spirit of inquiry abroad to-day has unearthed a vast multitude of facts in every department, and also many interlacing systems of law. Thinkers in their attempted solution of this problem encounter novel and most formidable difficulties and also unexpected and valuable helps. The modes of solution that satisfied former centuries prove wholly inadequate to meet the demands of these modern times. There is not now that overmastering awe and reverence that once quite effectually barred out investigation. There is no

PREFACE

longer that childlike, unquestioning acceptance of the dictum of others, however learned or holy, or hedged about with ecclesiastical prestige and power. The Sacred Scriptures themselves have not escaped the searching criticisms that everywhere prevail, even in the schools of the prophets.

There are still, it is true, great numbers who are so intently busy with affairs, or so averse to, or untrained in consecutive thinking, or are so purblind through superstitions that are born of ignorance, that they feel no incitement to independent inquiries on this theme, resting content either with no opinion, or with simply an adopted one, accepting whatever conclusions they are told are Biblical or orthodox. This mass of minds, not yet having felt the stir of modern thought, or been disturbed by modern doubt, naturally feel little interest in the re-settlement of this question, although it is fraught with such momentous issues.

There is, however, a public, rapidly enlarging, made up of vigorous, progressive inquirers, eager after truth, and willing to follow it wherever it may lead, to which the old proofs appear wholly inadequate, and consequently the old beliefs to be shrouded in the gravest doubt. It is not enough for them to be shown merely what the Scriptures teach and the canons of the Church authoritatively affirm. They call for facts, facts incontrovertibly established with scientific accuracy, with cool judicial precision, in the various departments of physics and metaphysics, biology and psychology,

PREFACE

history and biography, of the many different branches of modern research. They call for an orderly, logical grouping and interpretation of those facts and a clear demonstration of the underlying principles and laws that witness to the active presence of an organizing, over-ruling mind. It is to such inquirers that the following pages are addressed, and it is therefore from their standpoint that I am to carry on the present discussion.

In re-settling for my own personal needs this question, I have had to re-examine the lowest foundations of all theistic faith, to determine in my own mind whether there is an actual personality behind all phenomena from which they either directly or indirectly proceed, whether the universe evinces strict unity of design and witnesses to the thought-life of not only an ever-living but an ever-active Designer, or whether matter, having neither beginning nor end, does not really contain within itself "the promise and potency of all life." As I have attempted to settle this, the most fundamental of all beliefs, in my volume entitled "Views on Vexed Questions," in the divisions entitled "The Supernatural" and "Mental Life below the Human," I will in the present discussion assume as settled the truth of theism and will proceed on that basis.

If in my attempt to solve the present problem I have reached conclusions controverting those entertained by any of my readers, all I ask is that,

PREFACE

holding in abeyance preconceived opinions as I have endeavored to do in my own case, they inquire simply whether the facts cited have been satisfactorily established, and whether the conclusions based upon them have been logically reached.

The present presentation of this theme has been prepared in the hope that some of the many disheartened ones in the great company of anxious and earnest inquirers may thereby escape shipwreck as they attempt, as I have done, to thread their way through the narrows and amid the hidden rocks of doubt and unbelief, and at last be enabled to sail out into the open sea of a reassured faith in an endless life prophesied and provided for by a distinctively personal, infinitely loving God.

W. W. K.

Washington, D. C.

MAN'S TOMORROW

MAN'S TOMORROW

I

No lips so mute as the lips of the dead. No curtain of so close a texture as that which hides from the life that now is the life which is to come. We sit by the deathbeds of our loved ones and think we catch glimpses of the spirit-world as their souls pass within the shadow. Sometimes when they seem sinking into the dreamless sleep there comes suddenly into their eyes a far-away look, a rapturous glow, and we listen with bated breath while they try to tell us of visions of marvelous splendor; but the light fades away and the voice is stilled forever, and as we brood in our desolation, we wonder whether, after all, the vision is not simply some bright figment of the fancy. We dare not, can not, rest our faith upon it. And so too, afterward, when, as often happens, a strangely peaceful, an almost youthful look comes back into the face of the dead, we try to persuade ourselves that here at last we surely see something more than a sunset's afterglow, that here are glintings of light from the other world shot through for an instant as the curtain is lifted to let the soul pass in; but sober second thought refuses even this consolation to abide with us longer than through the first lonely hours of our bereavement.

We go to the Sacred Records of our religion

and in answer to our longing there comes the voice, "Beloved, it does not yet appear what we shall be." We are assured, however, that the life beyond is made up of two widely contrasted spiritual states, but these are so poetically pictured, the descriptions are so ablaze with the richest profusion of Oriental imagery, that we are often left quite free to follow our own imaginings. As a consequence of the granting of such wide latitude of belief we, in our eager search for the secret hidden away so deeply in the eternal silence, have been widely misled, as is evidenced by the differences in the interpretations we have given to the vague and meager revelations of the Record, our judgments being warped by our individual temperaments, our early training, our tastes and aptitudes, our hopes and fears.

Heaven, as generally conceived by the Christian world, is some resplendent city in a golden by and by, lying just over the border line of death, an Elysium into which the ransomed soul is instantly ushered the moment it makes its exit from this perishing and pain-racked body of clay. It is the supposed embodiment, the perfect fruition of all that aching, hungering human hearts have here most sorely missed and intensely longed for. To the footsore and care-burdened it is fondly looked forward to as an unbroken, joyous rest, a sweet Beulah Land; to the starving, shivering poor, as an ever-blooming and ever-fruited Paradise of Delights; to the disabled, the sick, and the

ill-shaped, to the bereaved, the neglected, and the lonely, as the place where all ills are ended, where long-lost loved ones meet again in never-ending union, where there is generous appreciation and blessed companionship and love without alloy.

At the magic touch of death, in the twinkling of an eye, the most marvelous change is supposed to be wrought, the soul stepping at once from a life measured by a span and marked by swift vicissitude, by broken hopes and painful partings, by desperate battlings and tumultuous storms of passion, into one of eternal duration, of unbroken calm, and of fixed fate.

Hell looms up as a place of blackest shadow, where lost souls wander ceaselessly, abandoned of hope and of love, driven hither and thither by wild gusts of passion and gnawed by sharp pangs of remorse as they revolve over and over again in their awful nightmare of wretched, rayless thought the misspent privileges of an irrevocable past.

Many, however, refusing to accept this creed of the masses, have formulated others more in consonance, as they think, with reason and the Revealed Word, while many others still, becoming bewildered in their search, have either lapsed into agnosticism or settled down into indifference or blank materialistic unbelief.

The scientific researches and discoveries of today, while they have in their first influences tended to unsettle the old faiths and to lead mul-

titudes of earnest seekers to seriously question whether this life does not really end all, are beginning to give promising token of clarifying and settling opinions as to whether there is a life beyond and what that life will be; and while inducing scholars to search for new meanings in the dim foreshadowings of Scripture, are bringing to light a wondrous and hitherto unthought-of harmony between the intimations of science and the partial disclosures of that Holy Writ on whose divine inspiration reverent millions still confidently and lovingly rest their faith.

This is no idle and fruitless speculation, for our present life is essentially colored and shaped by our conceptions of that which is to come.

If science can be shown to be, as far as it goes, corroborative of Scripture and to throw strong side-lights upon its pages, and if more just views can be made to prevail as to what the Bible actually teaches, thousands will be rescued from a most alarming paralysis of doubt and disbelief.

In the present discussion I desire to include under the appellation of science not only what are generally designated the exact sciences, but also the science of history, of metaphysics, of biology, and of psychology.

In the first place, what aids have investigations of science furnished for determining whether there is any life beyond? We may concede that it has thus far obtained no positive knowledge on this point, for it has kept itself busy discovering,

classifying, and interpreting the phenomena of the life that now is. It is true it has quite recently entered upon a serious and systematic study of apparitions. In 1882 a Society for Psychical Research was founded in England with an important branch in our own country. Prof. Henry Sidgwick, of Cambridge University, England, was at its head. His successors have been scientists of international fame. Among its vice-presidents have been the Right Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, the Bishop of Carlisle, the Bishop of Ripon, Prof. James, of Harvard University, Prof. Langley, of the Smithsonian Institution, and Sir Oliver Lodge, F.R.S. On its roll of members are the names of Gladstone, Ruskin, Lord Tennyson, Frederick W. H. Myers, Prof. J. C. Adams, F.R.S., Alfred Russel Wallace. Twenty-one or more volumes of reports have already been issued by it. In one of them it deliberately makes the announcement that "the society has at last succeeded in establishing beyond all gainsaying, first, the fact of apparitions, and secondly, that they are as often those of persons living at a distance from the place where they are observed as of those who have died." But this, instead of finally disposing of the old query, starts new ones. What are those apparitions? Are they real entities? Have the souls of the living been able in some mysterious way to leave their bodies for a time, cross continents and seas with the swiftness of light, take on and lay off at will new bodies, featured

and contoured like the old ones, and startle their friends as they thrust themselves into their presence in open, wakeful vision? Or have they become possessed with some strange power of placing themselves in close mental union with those to whom they seem to appear, and thus momentarily so to monopolize their imagination that their very forms seem to stand revealed like living personages, their eyes to glisten, their cheeks to flush, their lips to move, and even their voices to utter familiar thoughts in the same old familiar tones? Have the souls of the dead re-clothed themselves and entered once more the haunts of the living? Or are these apparitions some spiritual mirage, some seeming materialization of the concepts of unconscious cerebration? That the creations of the fancy have been apparently projected into space and assumed the form of actual, living personages is shown by the well-known experiences of William Blake, that mystic poet, engraver, and painter, born in London in the middle of the eighteenth century. He was haunted with visions all his life. It is said of him that, when only a boy, sauntering along one day he saw a tree filled with angels, bright wings bespangling every bough like stars. He told of it when he reached home, and his father threatened to thrash him for lying, but his more gentle mother, prompted by her sympathy, saved him through her intercessions. Multitudes of his pictures were careful copies of the faces and forms that he said he saw

all about him. He would draw with the utmost alacrity and composure, looking up from time to time as though he had a real sitter before him. Sometimes he would have to wait for the vision, then again it would promptly answer to his call. At others, in the midst of his sketching, he would suddenly leave off and remark, "I can not go on, it is gone, the mouth has moved," or, "He frowns, he is displeased with my picture." The devil himself would politely sit in a chair to this strange man and then vanish instantly and without warning. When his work was criticised he would calmly reply, "It must be right, I saw it so," and this without any appearance of conceit on his part. These visionary heads were called by Varley, a warm personal friend and admirer, "Blake's specters." They had the characteristics of literal portraitures of what Blake saw.

Emanuel Swedenborg is another case in point, being a man of like constitutional temperament and gifts; and similar experiences are also related of that most ethereally gifted Shelley, whose imagination Peter Bayne, the Scotch critic, has pronounced "the princeliest that ever sublimed enthusiasm or personated thought." Martin Luther, history tells us, once hurled his inkstand at the Imp of Darkness because, as he thought, he had too persistently intruded upon the privacy of his study chamber.

The recorded evidences of the various apparitions of Christ after his crucifixion are well wor-

thy of the dispassionate study of scientists, and as eminent investigators have at last thought it worth their while to enter methodically upon the examination of this whole group of psychic phenomena, embracing wakeful vision, mesmeric trance, and mental telegraphy, too largely abandoned to superstitious fear and reverent religious faith, and as this society to which I have referred has already announced as established beyond gainsay that apparitions of both the living and the dead have actually taken place, I have no doubt that Christ's recorded appearances will receive careful and candid attention. It is confidently claimed, and certainly with fair show of reason, that no accredited fact of history has been more strongly fortified by testimony and circumstantial evidence. The science of historical research ought most thoroughly to test the sufficiency of the proofs and authoritatively announce whether it has discovered any fatal flaw. The candor of the witnesses it would seem must stand unimpeached. These reappearances were wholly unanticipated by Christ's disciples. Overcome by their fears, they had abandoned him in his last extremity. After he was taken down from the cross they had no question but that he was dead. All hope was lost. The devout women who went first to his tomb carried spices to embalm his corpse. The prepossession, the "fixed idea" necessary to hallucination, is noticeably absent in the case of all these witnesses. What worldly incen-

tive could his friends have had to fraudulently proclaim him risen? The Roman soldiers took special pains to make sure that he was dead, and the results of the spear-thrust so thoroughly convinced them of it that they concluded not to break his legs. The Roman Government with extraordinary precaution sealed his tomb and set a watch. How account for the fact that his disciples, every one of them without an exception, after they had disgraced themselves by cowardly flight, reappeared, boldly and stoutly contending that Christ had risen, and persisting in this open proclamation notwithstanding such public avowal jeopardized their every worldly prospect and endangered their lives? Why did they make this the central thought in all their public discourses, and endure contumely, poverty, stripes, and imprisonment for this their professed belief, and persist in their intrepid advocacy until, with but a single exception, they met with a violent death?

The apparitions, it is asserted, were many, were made under widely different circumstances, and in some instances before a large concourse of witnesses in broad daylight. On one occasion Christ is said to have actually eaten fish and honey with some of his disciples, and to have told them to handle him so as to be thoroughly satisfied that he was not a wraith. Even doubting Thomas became convinced after he had been permitted to thrust his fingers into the print of the nails. How account for the substitution of the Christian Sun-

day for the Jewish Sabbath except on the ground of a prevalent belief in the verity of Christ's resurrection, which if true must take rank as pre-eminently the most significant fact in all the past? De Wette, a leading German rationalist, who with Vater did more than any other, so Strauss himself acknowledges, to establish the mythical explanation of the Bible narrative, freely confessed that the historical evidence of Christ's resurrection was absolutely incontrovertible, although the manner of it was still a mystery. This testimony is entitled to great weight, and may well set scientists thinking, for it was given after long and painstaking research begun with the confident expectation of finding the account fallacious, and in the face of the skepticism he had himself helped to create.

No candid mind can question for an instant that Saul of Tarsus firmly believed that he saw Christ while on the road to Damascus. He apparently had no self-interest to conserve by affirming the apparition, but every self-interest to sacrifice. He was at the time a young man of bright parts and brilliant prospects, a favorite pupil of Gamaliel, a most enthusiastic and bigoted leader among the persecutors of the Christians—one whose ambition knew no bounds, whose heart knew no fear, whose brain knew no fatigue. This vision was not the vivid imagining of one tortured by an upbraiding conscience, for, as he afterwards expressed it, he verily thought he was doing God's

service. There is therefore, as far as we can see, no assignable cause for his insistence that he saw Christ, except the fact itself of such a vision. This belief he steadfastly maintained, though it subjected him to lifelong persecution and privation, exposed him to imminent perils, cost him his liberty, and at last his life. The narrator naively adds that the rest of the company heard a voice, but saw no man. While this moderation of statement wins our faith in the truth of the tale, it naturally raises the query whether there appeared and spoke the veritable Christ, or whether the excitable and highly imaginative Saul unwittingly misinterpreted the effects on himself of some electrical discharge from the clouds. But, on second thought, we see how extremely improbable it is that he should have remained thus deluded through those three succeeding years of retirement and quiet thought and the long after-life of severe trial. Besides, the theory that it was a delusion fails to explain Paul's vision two or three days after of one named Ananias coming to restore his sight, the specific direction by Christ's apparition to this same Ananias to visit Saul in a certain place, and the correctness of the information it then conveyed. The corresponding events which immediately followed and the fact that similar visions were claimed by many with whom Saul daily conversed and in whom he afterward learned implicitly to confide, confirmed him in his belief. If Christ had power to open Saul's eyes he cer-

tainly had equal power to shut the eyes of those who journeyed with him. During his forty days' tarrying after his crucifixion it is affirmed that Christ became visible and invisible at will. These strange occurrences are well worth the careful consideration of scientists. Few facts have been more thoroughly authenticated. Few have more convincing force or are fraught with more momentous issues.

While it is the province of the science of history to sift the evidence upon which belief in these apparitions of Christ is based, it is that of psychology to account for their origin, explain their nature, and assign them their true place among the accredited phenomena of this mystery-shrouded something which we call life.

As this most inviting field of inquiry is now being examined more systematically than ever before by scientific explorers of world-wide repute, we may confidently look for some authoritative statement on the subject at no very distant day, and it may be that science will finally establish as a demonstrated fact that there is a life beyond and that Christ's resurrection with its blessed promise and prophecy must be classed among the accredited facts of history.

There are certain phenomena of somnambulism, clairvoyance and clairsaudience, hypnotic trance, and telepathy which science has accepted as established facts, but of which it has not as yet been able to make any satisfactory explanation, rest-

ing content, with here and there a notable exception, to pronounce them results of abnormal nervous conditions.

Somnambulists have been known, while wrapped in profound sleep, with eyes shut or insensible, to walk with firm, quick tread and with marvelous precision along the edge of precipices, to climb the rough, rocky sides of cliffs and take eaglets from their nests, to cross narrow bridges and the steep roofs of houses, to make long and dangerous journeys afoot and on horseback and return to their couches again, utterly unconscious at day-break that they had ever left them. How is it they thread their way with such certainty among the thousand pitfalls that beset them everywhere? There is no appearance of blind groping. They act as if they saw clearly and quickly and had their wits about them. How do they see? How tread so safely, keep their poise, avoid obstructions? How adapt themselves to ever-changing circumstances? Artisans have been known while in this state to be as expert and exact in their difficult work as when awake and with eyes wide open. Sermons, musical compositions, and poems have thus for the first time been written out and carefully corrected, and long and intricate problems in higher mathematics solved and transferred to paper, involving many a tedious process. Some affirm that Coleridge attributed his "Christabel," whose exquisite music so charmed Scott and Byron, to a vision. It has, as you remember, a very

abrupt closing. He was never able to extend and complete it as begun, as it seemed above, or at least foreign to, his ordinary conceptual and rythmical power. It may have been the product of simply a preternatural awakening of Coleridge's intellectual powers, or, possibly, the unconscious output of what T. J. Hudson, in a work entitled "The Law of Psychic Phenomena," denominates the subjective self. I have failed to find in Coleridge's published works any mention of this alleged vision-origin, but as to that far-famed fragment, *Kubla Khan*, written about the same time, we know that it sprang into life and actually assumed its present literary form while this exceptionally gifted seer lay in the arms of that enchantress, opium, under whose fatal spell he finally fell. In a preface to this poem it is said that "in consequence of a slight indisposition an anodyne had been prescribed, from the effects of which Coleridge fell asleep in his chair at the moment he was reading from Purchas' Pilgrimage: "Here the Khan Kubla commanded a palace to be built and a stately garden thereunto, and thus ten miles of fertile ground were inclosed with a wall." The author continued for about three hours in a profound sleep, at least of the external senses, during which time he had the most vivid consciousness that he composed not less than from two to three hundred lines, if that can indeed be called composition in which all the images rose up before him as things with a parallel produc-

tion of the correspondent expressions, without any sensation of effort. On awaking, he appeared to himself to have a distinct recollection of the whole, and, taking pen, ink, and paper, instantly and eagerly wrote down the lines that are here preserved. At this moment he was unfortunately called out by a person on business and detained an hour, and on his return found, to his no small surprise and mortification, that though he still retained some vague and dim recollection of the vision, the lines and images had passed away forever. He frequently purposed to finish for himself what had been originally, as it were, given to him—but the tomorrow never came.

Raphael painted visions which he thought were presented to him by the spirit of his mother. The poem, "A Rose Leaf," by the late Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson, was, as she related to a friend, composed in her sleep, she awaking with the words on her lips. She immediately wrote out the verses and handed them to her physician, saying: "Can you tell me what this means? I am sure I don't know." This occurred but a few weeks before her death.

We have been wont to pronounce all these to be but specimens of dream-literature and art, not of converse with the dead, yet, granting this, is there is not a mystery about them still, as well as about the unwonted powers of sense displayed in sleep to which I have referred? Do they not furnish strong presumptive evidence that there are

moods of the soul in which the resources of this tangible body of ours are not called into service, when the ordinary organs of sense are not needed for sense-perception, when thought processes are carried on without the use of the convoluted gray matter of the brain, when this cumbersome clay organism, failing to satisfy our needs, is temporarily laid aside and a second, subtler servant does the bidding of the master?

There are seemingly wakeful moods that are wrapped in as profound a mystery. Lady Henry Somerset, when at the opening of her great career of reformer and philanthropist, became greatly depressed with doubt, questioning even the being of a God. But as she sat alone one summer afternoon in her garden at the foot of an elm, deeply absorbed in thought, she heard a voice saying to her with startling distinctness, "Act as if I were and thou shalt know I am." From that moment her painful questionings ceased, the restful calm of a childlike faith pervaded and transformed her whole after-life, and she became a consecrated leader of reform, worthily taking up the work which the great Lord Shaftesbury had laid down. Luther, while at Rome, heard a voice as he was climbing painfully on his knees up the steps of the so-called Judgment Seat of Pilate, and its influence never left him. It changed all the course of his after-life. It became one of the great determining forces that shook all Europe to its center in the Reformation of the sixteenth

century. Jeanne D'Arc, the Maid of Orleans, that simple, uneducated, inexperienced peasant girl of eighteen years of age, who at the opening of the fifteenth century led the forces of France to frequent victory over the disciplined veterans of England, proving herself more than a match for the trained strategists of the most warlike nation then on the globe—this maid insisted upon it that she was acting under the express direction of invisible guides, that she heard distinct voices time and again that told her how to dispose of her forces, manoeuvre her artillery, and make and manage her onsets. She also claimed to have visions and to be prompted to prophecy, and her foretellings, improbable as many of them seemed when she uttered them, came true with rarely an exception. How will we explain her unerring insight into the deep problems that arise in the conduct of a great campaign, in the frequent and fearful emergencies of a raging battle? Would the pronouncing her a great military genius solve the mystery of her career? Whence that profound knowledge of the arts of war? The age was indeed superstitious, and religious fears and fervors were rife, but will these account for her victories? However great the enthusiasm with which she, mounted on her charger and waving aloft her white standard, led her hosts against the enemy, it offers no adequate explanation of the results. For almost five hundred years her career has filled the world with wonder. Was she one of those Heaven-sent

and Heaven-taught leaders and rescuers that have now and then flashed out on the centuries of human history? Was she in touch with wiser intelligence than her own? Or was she privileged to call into activity some latent energies of the soul?

We are informed that a committee of the ablest scientists of the Royal Academy of Medicine of France, after an investigation extending over a period of six years, reported that it had demonstrated the existence of such powers in the human mind known as clairvoyance and thought-transference or mind-reading. Clairvoyants, it is said, have been able in their trances to read the pages of closed books, look through various opaque objects, and observe minutely what is happening in closed apartments miles away.

By the hidden help of mesmerism or hypnotism, as it is now called—although, as has recently been shown, the one is by no means identical with the other—one mind has been known to capture and control the concepts of another, overpower the will, conjure up phantasms of the fancy, and even for a time submerge in the subject self-consciousness itself while not an articulate word passes and the minds *en rapport* are separated by quite considerable distances and the one upon whom this strange influence is exerted is not thinking of his captor or acquainted with his whereabouts, or even aware whence that irresistible force originates that binds him as with bands of steel, fills his mind with wild alarms, or exalts it into ecstasies not its own.

The dominance of ideas that comes through "expectant attention" may explain, as works on psychology affirm, some of the manifestations of animal magnetism and kindred states, but there is a large residuum of facts this theory is wholly inadequate to account for. Recent experiments by members of the Society for Psychical Research have demonstrated that an actual effluence emanates from the mesmerist and is subject to his will, while hypnotic power comes through suggestion solely, according to Prof. Leibault, partaking of the nature of a mental dominance.

It has been found so difficult to sift out from the alleged phenomena of so-called spirit manifestations the elements of fraud, superstition, and self-deceiving reflex nervous and mental action, that most scientists have until recently despaired of arriving at any satisfactory results in their quest. But even into these dim, mysterious regions of shadow the trained observers constituting the active members of this Society for Psychical Research, have resolutely entered, and their passionless, methodic scrutiny may, as here and there a scientific explorer has done before them, uncover facts which will astonish us. These hidden spirits of ours may be found possessed with capacities as yet largely latent which will suggest and go far to prove that they have a life independent of the gross clay organisms that at present house them, that they have under their control other bodies more perfectly equipped with sense

organs and organs of thought, and of a texture originally so ethereal, or else so etherealized by a more perfect vitalization, that the disintegrating chemical forces can be kept permanently in check.

Prof. F. W. Barrett, in a paper read before this society, announced that through various experiments with private mediums it had been conclusively established that heavy tables were actually moved without any hand touching them, showing that mind occasionally and unconsciously can exert direct influence upon matter outside the body, and this professor is vouched for by such men as Balfour Stewart and Richard A. Proctor as not only of high scientific attainments but of pronounced caution in investigation.

J. W. Edmonds, at one time President of the New York State Senate and judge in the New York Supreme Court of Appeals, a man widely known for his learning, his acumen, and his candor, testifies that in 1851 he was one of a party of nine who witnessed a heavy mahogany table suspended in the air, with no one near it, in a room brightly lighted by two lamps. This is only one out of many unaccountable phenomena which came under his personal observation. Startling facts in telepathy he also recounts. When he began his investigations he fully intended to make public exposure of what he suspected were gross deceptions, but his prejudices were all swept aside by the overwhelming evidence that came to him through his own senses. He took notes every

night of what he had seen and heard as carefully as if in court, and afterward published them in two volumes on the subject.

Dr. Robert Hare, a distinguished professor of chemistry in the University of Pennsylvania, one of the foremost scientific men of America, the discoverer of the oxy-hydrogen blowpipe which led to the celebrated Drummond light, and an extensive author of scientific treatises and inventor of scientific instruments, published a volume entitled "Spiritualism Scientifically Demonstrated," which passed through five editions, giving results of his most careful experimental research for two years into these manifestations by means of appliances of very ingenious contriving, and in this he gives instance after instance of heavy bodies being moved about without visible touch, as well as many others equally astounding. He had till now been a pronounced materialist, disbelieving alike in God, immortality, and revelation, but during these investigations he became so deeply convinced that the phenomena were caused by spirit agency that he dismissed all his former skepticism and became a devout disciple of the Christ of the Bible. However widely our interpretations of the facts may differ from his, none of us will question his capacity or his candor.

Dr. J. Lockhart Robertson, long one of the editors of the "Journal of Mental Science," a specialist in mental diseases, a man seemingly thoroughly equipped against delusion, having the

experience and cool caution of a scientist, published in the report of the London Dialectical Society, corroborating his own testimony by that of another eyewitness, that he himself saw a strong table broken in pieces by some invisible power while he was firmly holding the medium's hands, that this was done at his own suggestion as a test in his own house; also that he had heard most wonderful music produced without any agency he could discover, and that he had seen a shadow hand, not that of any one present, lift a pencil and write with it. He afterwards reiterated these statements, while at the same time expressing his disbelief in their spirit origin.

The Dialectical Society referred to was organized in 1869 for the express purpose of investigating psychical phenomena, and was composed of forty members, all of liberal education, being lawyers, scientists, and clergymen. It met at private residences, in well-lighted rooms, and had no professional or paid mediums. Four-fifths of the members were wholly skeptical of the reality of the alleged phenomena. These investigators applied every possible test they could devise to guard against delusion or mistake. Their published reports show that heavy bodies were moved and sounds disclosing intelligence were produced without material contact, demonstrating that there is a force which, although in some unknown manner dependent on the presence of human beings, is not dependent on any muscular exertion. The

society acknowledged that it obtained absolutely no evidence as to the nature or source of this strange energy, but simply proved the fact of its existence.

Sir David Brewster, Lord Brougham, Lord Lindsay, F. R. S.; Prof. Wells, of Harvard; Prof. Hare, of Philadelphia; William Crookes, F. R. S., all versed in science, together with William Cullen Bryant, Judge Edmonds, Lord Bulwer-Lytton, Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, T. A. Trollope, and scores of others, testify to a personal witnessing of extraordinary phenomena taking place through the celebrated medium D. D. Home, such as holding quietly in the naked, open palm red-hot coals without any apparent effect from the heat, the playing on musical instruments without any visible fingers touching the keys, and on many occasions the suspension of his body in mid-air. One of the above witnesses, Prof. William Crookes, F. R. S., discoverer of the metal thallium, a trained and experienced physicist, instituted a series of experiments, lasting several years, putting Home's powers to the most severe scientific test, and published an account of them in the London Quarterly Journal of Science in 1871 to 1874, declaring them to be all that had been claimed.

Home's *seances* were frequented by many of the leaders in literary, scientific, and social circles in all the civilized countries of both hemispheres, and he was an invited guest in the royal

palaces of France, Prussia, Holland, and Russia. Among the converts were Mrs. Browning, Dr. Robert Chalmers, Dr. Lockhart Robertson, of the *Journal of Mental Science*, and the eminent physiologist John Elliotson. While Home and his followers ascribed his peculiar powers to spirit influence, the world outside have until recently rested content simply to call it a mystery—an exhibit of some occult force in Nature or in himself.

A. R. Wallace enumerates such phenomena, taking place through Home, as percussive sounds, alterations in the weight of bodies, the suspension of human bodies in mid-air, luminous appearances, as of detached hands lifting small objects or writing, pencils writing without any one touching them, also phantom forms and faces. These strange occurrences took place during experiments conducted mostly in William Crookes' own house and in the light. Wallace himself, whose repute is world-wide as an equal sharer with Darwin in the honor of originating the theory of development, became an eyewitness, while investigating spiritism as a careful scientist, of phenomena equally as startling as any referred to, and as inexplicable if souls are held as close prisoners or are possessed of only such powers as we are accustomed to think.

Rev. Joseph Cook, in a public lecture in the Old South Church, Boston, March 15, 1880, gave

a full account of what he personally witnessed at the private residence of Epes Sargent two evenings before. There were nine in the party, a majority of whom were strongly prejudiced against spiritism. Notes of the facts were at once carefully written out by both Mr. Cook and his family physician, Dr. Bundy, a Harvard medical graduate. Their detailed narration, showing their painstaking care to guard against deception or mistake, I have not space to give, but they, with the three other male members of the company, published the following brief sworn statement, which will serve our present purpose:

“At the house of Epes Sargent, on the evening of Saturday, March 15, 1880, the undersigned saw two clean slates placed face to face with a bit of slate pencil between them. We all held our hands clasped around the edges of the two slates. The hands of Mr. Watkins, the psychic, also clasped the slates. In this position we all distinctly heard the pencil moving, and on opening the slates found an intelligent message in a strong masculine hand in answer to a question asked by one of the company. Afterward two slates were clamped together with strong brass fixtures and held at arm's length by Mr. Cook while the rest of the company and the psychic held their hands in full view on the table. After a moment of waiting the slates were opened and a message in a feminine hand was found on one of the inner surfaces. There were five lighted gas-burners in

the room at the time. We can not apply to these facts any theory of fraud, and we do not see how the writing can be explained unless matter, in the slate pencil, was moved without contact."

Mr. Cook also in his lecture told his audience that this same Mr. Watkins read correctly that same evening what had by different members been secretly written on slips of paper afterward closely folded into pellets and thrown promiscuously on the table.

A. R. Wallace, the eminent English naturalist already referred to, describing in the London "Spectator" a similar experiment in which he personally participated in 1877, remarks: "I myself cleaned and tied up the slates; I kept my hand on them all the time; they never went out of my sight for a moment; I named the word to be written and the manner of writing it after they were thus secured and held by me."

Colonel T. W. Higginson, in a sworn affidavit, testifies, among other things, that a guitar, after it was placed by him "in such a position as to guard it from possibility of contact, was played upon accurately and gracefully, that the accompaniments were extraordinary apart from the mystery of their origin." In conclusion he says: "The question of the spiritual origin is not now raised; it is simply a question of fraud or genuineness. If I have not satisfactory evidence of the genuineness of these phenomena which I have just described, then there is no such thing as evi-

dence, and all the fabric of natural science may be a mass of imposture. And when I find on examination that facts similar to these have been observed by hundreds of intelligent persons in various places for several years back, I am disposed humbly to remember the maxim attributed to Arago, 'He is a rash man who outside of pure mathematics pronounces the word *impossible*.' "

Prof. William Crookes, of London, relates having seen and heard an accordion played on while it was enclosed in a wire network and not touched by any visible hand. He also testifies: "Under the strictest test conditions I have more than once had a solid, self-luminous crystalline body placed in my hand by a hand which did not belong to any person in the room. In the light I have seen a luminous cloud hover over a heliotrope on a side table, break off a sprig and carry it to a lady; and on some occasions I have seen a similar luminous cloud visibly condense to the form of a hand and carry small objects about." He even goes so far as to affirm that he has seen in the full blaze of electric light spirit forms enter and leave closed and carefully guarded rooms.

If it should be urged that these apparent materializations can not be actual verities, that thoroughly organized flesh-and-blood bodies, with garments on like their old ones, could not thus appear and disappear, spiritists might reply to their Christian critics that it is recorded of Christ after his crucifixion that he ate with his disciples, in-

vited the doubting Thomas to thrust his fingers into the print of the nails, and yet readily passed through closed doors, and finally before a great concourse of people was lifted from the earth and vanished out of sight, and that accounts of similar apparitions and materializations may be met with all through the books of the Bible; and they might reply to scientists that such manipulation of matter by spirit as the passing of seeming solids through solids without any known disintegration is no more improbable than the existence of the much-talked-of and universally accepted luminiferous ether with its seemingly contradictory properties, being, as Herschel and Jevons affirm, an infinitely solid adamant, having a pressure of seventeen billion pounds to the square inch, yet viewless, permeating all substances, and offering no perceptible obstruction to the millions of worlds that are constantly whirling through it. The fact is, the nature of matter, the different conditions it may be in, and the kind and degree of control which force and spirit have over it, are subjects that are still wrapped in the profoundest mystery, and our theories concerning them are liable at any moment to betray their need of radical revision. It would be well for the wisest of us to refrain from dogmatizing and setting boundaries to the possible in Nature. The poet has truly said,

“There are stranger things in heaven and earth,
Horatio,
Than are dreamed of in your philosophy!”

Let us weigh the evidence with all due care and candor, apply scientific tests when we can, bravely accept the facts, however mysterious they may be, when clearly and conclusively shown, and follow where they lead. It is to be foolishly overcautious to refuse to accept facts until we can explain them. Can we explain how seventy-two telegraphic communications can be sent over the same wire at the same time? Yet this was done at the World's Fair at Chicago. But we should be especially on our guard not to misinterpret the facts after we have once found them. It is much easier to establish their verity than to discover their nature or their origin. Our senses, the very witnesses we most trust, widely mislead us unless we are on our guard. It was a great many centuries before mankind believed that the sun did not revolve around the earth, that the earth was not flat, or that the sky was not solid. The Copernican theory encountered the most persistent and bitter opposition because people stoutly insisted on believing what they saw, or thought they saw, not knowing then, what we know now, that there is nothing so deceptive as appearances. The baby reaching out its hand to grasp the moon does what we do over again in our thoughtless haste even after we come to mature years, believing the senses before their testimony is corrected by rea-

son and experience. It is difficult for even the wisest and most mature among us to realize how radically our sense-perceptions have thus been modified, how little we rely on what they affirm in reference to the ordinary and oft-repeated phenomena of life. For instance, there are flashed over the optic nerve to the brain two images of everything we see. Those images are upside down and represent the object in different locations and give the apparent and not the real dimensions. These errors had at the first to be corrected slowly by experience. They are now made right instantaneously by unconscious automatic action. The result secured through the stereoscope is a case in point. By this instrument two distinct plane pictures of an object are simultaneously presented to the mind. A combination is at once effected, giving to it a concept of corporeity, i.e., of the third dimension—the object standing out apparently in full relief. By a skillful distribution of light and shade and taking heed to the laws of perspective, artists succeed in bringing out like results on the canvas.

New sights, those out of the ordinary, are often misleading. The mirage of the desert still allures thirsty travelers with hopes never to be realized. It takes every individual a long time to accurately locate the causes of sound, and to the very last we find ourselves often in a quandary or provokingly deceived. How difficult, almost impossible, it is for us to realize, what is actually the fact that

sounds are but sensations in the very mind itself! The frequent disorders of the body, and the still more frequent unhealthy disturbances of the mind through passions and hopes and alarms, make the reports of the senses still more untrustworthy. The wide variance in the accounts of events by conscientious eyewitnesses is thus largely to be accounted for. We find it extremely difficult to eliminate, or to make due allowance for this so-called "personal equation." We should also, when tempted to ascribe to supernatural causes all mysterious phenomena, keep in mind how profoundly ignorant we are yet of the resources of the causes that are classed as natural in the intricately organized world without us or the still more intricately organized world within.

I think we can safely say that after we have sifted out from the great mass of professed spirit manifestations those which we can not wholly free from the suspicion of fraud or of self-deception, there are a great many left, thoroughly authenticated, that can be accounted for only as the results either of occult natural forces or of powers largely undeveloped and unrealized, belonging to our own complex being, or else to outside spiritual influences entering in through postern gates which for some wise purpose have here and there been suggestively left ajar.

F. W. H. Myers, one of the leading members of the English Society for Psychical Research, already alluded to, has announced that he has be-

come convinced by his investigations "of continued personal existence after death, and of at least occasional communication with those who have passed away"; and Richard Hodgson, LL.D., the secretary of the American branch of this society, has expressed the same conviction. Rev. M. J. Savage, Boston's distinguished Unitarian divine, cites numerous instances, which he personally vouches for in his volume on Psychics, that he frankly confesses he is unable to account for on any other hypothesis.

It is, however, wise for the most of us to delay adopting the last set of causes until we individually become fully satisfied that the other two are wholly inadequate to produce the phenomena. The fact that mankind have all down the centuries made haste to pronounce as supernatural what they could not at first understand, and have had to acknowledge their blunder again and again when reluctantly convinced by the overwhelming proofs of science, should place us on our guard. The world was once thought to be swarming with gods and goddesses, nymphs and naiads and gnomes and fairies. These mysterious powers we now call natural forces. We have found out their laws, the conditions that unfetter them, and, having rid ourselves of our former superstitious fears and reverence, we harness them to our machinery without scruple and make them draw our trains of trade.

Instances of telepathy have from time to

time come to light which furnish still other revelations of power, apparently wholly without the range of the known limitations of these present tangible bodies that hem us in. These as yet inexplicable phenomena of mind-reading that have been accepted by the Society for Psychical Research and by many psychologists outside as scientifically established, show that soul touches soul somehow by direct impressment—that not only spiritual vision but spiritual speech can now be classed among our experiences.

Sir Oliver Lodge asserts that the facts of telepathy must be regarded as practically established; that they open a new chapter in science and are of an importance which cannot be exaggerated.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, during his visit to England in 1888, while conversing informally one evening with Bishop Ellicott, Dr. Samuel Smiles, and Rev. H. R. Haweis, remarked: "I think we are all unconsciously conscious of each other's brain waves at times; the fact is, words and even signs are a very poor sort of language compared with the direct telegraphy between souls. The mistake we make is to suppose that the soul is circumscribed and imprisoned by the body. Now, the truth is, I believe, I extend a good way outside my body, at least three or four feet all around, and so do you, and it is our extensions that meet. Before words pass, or we shake hands, our souls have exchanged impressions, and they never lie."

In one of our leading magazines there have recently appeared two articles from a prominent American writer, S. L. Clemens, giving a large number of well-authenticated instances of this most astounding feat of sending our ideas over leagues of distance without the aid of articulate speech, facial expression, or gesture, or any apparent bodily assistance whatever, or of any known force or communicating medium. Such like phenomena of telepathy have naturally led many to query whether our spirits are such close prisoners, after all, as we have been accustomed to believe—whether they do not sometimes roam at will, leaving their ponderable bodies behind them and taking their imponderable ones to bear them company and do their bidding. Others have been led to suggest—what seems to me the simpler and more natural explanation—that the circuit of our direct spiritual impressment is, under certain favoring conditions not yet understood, far wider than we have been accustomed to suppose.

Camille Flammarion, the distinguished French astronomer, who has given these subjects of telepathy and apparition most thoughtful attention, remarks in one of his papers: “All we can now admit is that a person does not really transfer his personality, his spirit, or psychic principle, into the presence of the observer, but that there is an action of spirit on spirit at a distance. We may admit that each thought is accompanied by cerebral atomic movements, for physiologists admit

this. Our psychic force gives rise to etheric vibrations which are transmitted to a distance, as are all vibrations of ether, and become perceptible to minds which vibrate in unison with ours. The transformation of a psychic action into etheric vibration is reciprocal, perhaps analogous to those seen in the telephone where the receptive plate, similar to the one which transmits, repeats the sonorous vibration. The action of one mind upon another is manifested in various ways—sometimes by the complete perception of the being, sometimes through hearing a well-known voice or unusual sounds. Mind acts on mind as it does in cases of mental suggestion, at a distance, a phenomenon not more extraordinary than the action of iron on a magnet, or that of the moon on the earth, or the carrying of the voice by electricity, or the revelation of the chemical constituents of the stars by spectrum analysis of their light, and all other marvels of contemporary science, only it belongs to a higher order, and can put us on the road to a psychical understanding of the human being.”

The recent achievements in wireless telegraphy are strongly confirmatory of this interpretation of the eminent astronomer. The fact that electric waves are sent with inconceivable speed without any conducting wires over thousands of leagues of distance and finally picked up by a receiving instrument, and their thought-message made matter of record, proves to us conclusively the actual

existence of some transmitting medium diffused everywhere, analogous to, if not identical with, the luminiferous ether through which light travels over the interstellar spaces.

Right here we have revealed to us a possible medium through which the cerebral atomic movements may be propagated when widely separated souls come into telepathic touch.

The one class of phenomena is no more mysterious than the other and is as clearly within the circle of possibilities and even of probabilities.

The many cases on record of persons, in great distress, in imminent peril, and in the throes of dissolution, revealing to distant friends at the very instant by apparition or thought-message their critical condition, find in these suggestions of this great *savant* a possible and indeed a very plausible explanation on a wholly naturalistic basis. But in the case of persons who are dead we unfortunately lack the requisite means for determining beyond dispute whether they have actually reappeared. There is no reasonable doubt but that closely resembling forms have been seen and apparently the old familiar voices heard, but what those forms and voices actually are, or how or whence they come, are still open questions. In the case of messages from the dying, the distressed, or the imperiled we can test whether the message was received at exactly the date the crisis occurred, and this has frequently been done, but in case of the dead no such basis for comparison

is afforded. Whatever hypothesis we adopt we encounter serious objections which we have not yet been able to set aside. Scientists may later on make new discoveries or formulate some new theory that will fit the facts. We must still watch and wait. But investigations thus far have reasonably well established that our direct will-power over matter extends at times beyond the immediate confines of our bodies, and to an astonishing degree; that we have acute sense-perceptions without the aid of our bodily sense-organs, being able to see with closed eyes through opaque substances over leagues of distance and in the densest darkness, to hear the voices of our friends while conversing in ordinary tones and sitting within closed apartments across the wide breadth of a continent; that we can be brought into such close spirit-touch with others as to interchange thoughts without speech or any outward expression; that we can by mesmeric or hypnotic influence master the will, sway the passions, temporarily dethrone the reason, kindle the fancy, even submerge the whole personal consciousness of another coming within the charmed circle of this mysterious outreaching of the soul; that we can, when under peculiar conditions unknown as yet, so capture the conceptive faculties of others, even though miles away, by the subtle power of our personality that they will firmly believe that we have actually appeared before them in bodily form, that they have clasped our hands, heard

our voices, seen our very faces aglow with the old-time light of the life within.

How significant these discoveries! How they exalt and enlarge our conceptions of the resources of these indwelling spirits of ours! Yet these triumphs of the soul over its material surroundings so transcend the ordinary and the expected, and have been so compromisingly associated with fraud and superstition and self-deceit, that the majority of scientists have until the last two or three decades treated the accounts with scornful incredulity and indifference. Dr. William B. Carpenter, F. R. S., and corresponding member of the Institute of France, one of the most distinguished physiologists of this century, even went so far as stoutly to contend to the very last that mesmerism, clairvoyance, spiritism, and mental telegraphy were, all of them, either delusions or frauds, symptoms of morbid mental states, products of intent expectancy, or cunning tricks of impostors. He investigated long and carefully and yet secured only negative results; but ought his testimony to outweigh the positive testimony of a score of others equally eminent in scientific attainments and equally candid and careful in their search after truth? There are now quite a large number of scientists ready to concede that even such extraordinary and unlooked-for powers as I have just enumerated have actually been manifested by certain living persons under certain conditions yet unknown, but

whether any of the strange phenomena that have come to light are properly attributable to the spirits of the dead they still consider extremely doubtful, although many of the manifestations are as yet otherwise seemingly inexplicable. The messages thus conveyed are most of them so inconsequential, so foreign in tone to anything we would naturally look for from our friends who have passed into the other life, they are on so commonplace a level, many of them so trivial, so untrue, so apparently earthborn, that they leave us still in a state of gravest doubt whether, after all, from the lips of the dead the seal of secrecy has really been broken, or from their forms and faces the veil of invisibility ever been drawn aside, though we passionately long to have them come back and tell us of their fate and give us some token of their continuing love.

But even should we for the present hold in abeyance our belief on this point, which it would be eminently wise to do, as investigations are now at last being prosecuted with refreshing vigor, have we not still certified to us through scientific research in these new fields facts that afford us clear intimations of the approaching permanent transcendence of the spirit over gross matter with its clogging and disintegrating tendencies, and in these intimations have we not Heaven-sent prophecies of an endless life?

Of course while this last point of spirit influence is left undetermined we have no demonstra-

tive proof of immortality, but have simply widened our horizon, found the soul to be a less close prisoner than we once thought, but still a prisoner, organically linked with matter. Concerning the soul's real nature, as well as its ultimate destiny, science, though affording us most wonderfully reassuring intimations, furnishes us no absolute, certain knowledge.

The psychical possibilities of man are apparently far beyond anything we have been accustomed to think, and those already revealed offer most convincing evidences of the existence of a second body highly etherealized and fully equipped with organs of sense, and with command over matter far outstripping the gross clay tenement it hides within, and through whose open portals at times it blazes forth in ineffable glory as in the face of Moses, of Stephen, and of the transfigured Christ. Prof. Stewart and Prof. Tait, in their work on "The Unseen Universe," say that "we are logically constrained if we regard the principle of continuity and the doctrine of immortality as both true, to admit the existence of some frame or organ not of this earth, which survives dissolution. It is possible that there have been, and that there are, occasional manifestations of this spiritual nature."

John Weiss well remarks: "Nothing can save the soul from collapsing into the blind forces of the world but the preservation of its identity, and that can not be done without a frame to hold

it, a system of organs by which it can express spiritual function. To prevent this collapse and preserve that continuity rightly so insisted on by men of science, there must be a present duplex organism in order that the soul may still be clothed upon directly after death has done its work; and in order that its thought-life may continue without a break, its touch be still kept up through sense-perceptions, through memory, and through its various associations with its world-environment, it must continue to retain some bodily organic equipment, rendered invisible as a subtle breath or aura, of a flamy or airy nature and diffused through the whole body."

F. G. Fairfield, following out the suggestions of Dr. Maudsley, the eminent alienist, in his analysis of Swendenborg's mental idiosyncrasies, has elaborated a theory as to the origin of clairvoyance, mesmerism, and alleged spirit manifestations that will well repay careful consideration. It certainly commends itself as at least a fair working hypothesis, and I shall not be surprised if it contributes not a little to the final solution of some of the deep mysteries that still shroud the nature and destiny of the soul. He grants that it has been incontestably established that certain persons have the extraordinary gift of seeing with closed eyes through usually opaque substances; of lifting ponderous bodies without contact, even of floating their own as on invisible wings; of holding thought-commerce with and

exercising dominion over minds widely removed; of being the means through which phantom hands and forms have appeared, having for a time all the semblance of life and then fading away as mysteriously as they came; but he at the same time contends that these strange phenomena are rather preternatural than supernatural, the achievements of spirits still in the body instead of those who have passed out of it; that they are brought about through an element which he designates as nerve-aura, not identical with electricity though correlated with it, as also with light and the other forces; that through it voluntary impulse is transmitted from the brain to the muscles, though less rapidly according to Helmholtz, than electricity travels; that it is capable of acting at considerable distances through the atmosphere, is more or less subject to the will of the individual who emits it, partakes of volitional properties, is susceptible to sensory impressions and unconscious action, can be condensed into visible forms bodying forth the flitting fancies of the controlling mind or of the mind *en rapport* with it—that, in short, it is of the nature of an emanating ether having the molecular properties, motor and sensory, of nerve-tissue itself though in lessened intensity. This aura, he contends, enters into intimate molecular relations with surrounding objects, so that in certain peculiar nervous states the will is brought into the same close touch with things outside the body that it continually main-

tains with the muscular fibers within it. This aura being also correlated with light and being capable of permeating the most solid substances, converts opaqueness into transparency as by electric flash. It continues to be the same ready medium for the transmission of thought beyond the boundary of the body as it is within it, and thus brings minds miles apart into as close contact as if they were working through the convolutions of the same brain.

He has gathered much interesting data in support and illustration of this hypothesis which I regret I have not space to recite in sufficient detail to give them their due significance. He contends that our every act is but a transformation of nerve-force into motor, that the power of certain animals to evolve at will a phosphorescent glow is but an instance of the correlation of this nerve-ether with light, as is also the quite distinct halo that has been observed by the distinguished Dr. Brown-Sequard and others to envelop the head of the patient and to radiate into the room in some cases of consumption and of epileptic seizure, and, perhaps I may add, as is that indefinable light that suffuses the human face in those supreme moments of intense excitement when the soul is at its best. He further contends that the correlation of this ether with electricity is shown in the shock given by certain eels and fishes. He explains the magnetic attraction or repulsion of some natures, and the power possessed

by well-nigh all of us to make our presence felt before our approach is discovered—a fact so common that an adage has grown out of it, as but the reflex action caused in others through this same connecting medium of nerve-ether. He holds that the dynamic displays are but akin to those resulting from the disturbances of electric equilibrium, and if, as is affirmed by Faraday, there is enough electricity in a drop of water to produce a stroke of lightning in case the equilibrium is destroyed, we can readily see how it is possible for the human will, by causing a like disturbance in this out-going nerve-aura, to display such marvelous mastery over the ever-acting force of gravitation, and also how it is possible for sufficient force to be stored in the cells of the brain, if suddenly correlated as motor energy, to condense this mysterious ether into phantom forms incarnating for a passing moment the creations of its fancy.

F. J. Hudson, in a very able treatise on "The Law of Psychic Phenomena," has, on the theory of the duality of the human mind, advocated by Prof. Wigan, Dr. Brown-Sequard, Prof. Proctor, and other eminent investigators, founded a very plausible explanation of the origin of these mysterious phenomena we have been considering. "The subjective mind is," as this author contends, "the soul or spirit, and is itself an organized entity, possessing independent powers and functions, while the objective mind is merely the func-

tion of the physical brain and possesses no power whatever independently of the physical organism. The one possesses dynamic force independently of the body; the other does not. The one is capable of sustaining an existence independently of the body; the other dies with it." The operations of the one are unconscious, often of lightning-like rapidity, and as yet inexplicable. It is gifted with an absolutely perfect memory, is capable of only deductive forms of reasoning and is under the control of suggestions emanating from without or from the other, the objective self. Those exceptional mathematical and musical gifts displayed by such phenomenal characters as the boy Colburn and the idiotic Blind Tom come from this subjective self. The astonishing displays of genius also here find origin; and to this source all those occult powers may be traced which still puzzle philosophers and scientists.

Francis Galton takes the same view of genius in his "English Men of Science," defining it as automatic activity of the mind, as distinguished from the effort of the will, ideas coming instantaneously as by inspiration, the man of genius being driven, rather than himself holding the reins.

Mozart's description of his own experiences is in consonance with this: "If one has the spirit of a composer he writes because he cannot help it. Whence and how my ideas come I know not, nor can I force them. Those that please me I retain.

They fire my soul—the subject enlarges—becomes methodized and defined, and the whole, though long, stands almost complete and finished in my mind so that I can survey it like a fine picture or a beautiful statue at a glance. Nor do I hear in my imagination the parts successively, but I hear them as it were all at once.”

Lowell tells us that his “Commemoration Ode,” which the literary world had received with such acclaim, was an improvisation, struck off at a single white heat. Two days before he was to recite it before that distinguished Harvard assembly in 1865 he remarked to a friend that to compose it was an utter impossibility, that “he was hopelessly dumb, as dull as a door mat, but that the next day something gave him a jog and the whole thing came from him with vehement speed, in a resistless rush, and that all night he sat up writing it out clear; that he was so wrapt with the fervor of conception sleep and appetite fled from him, that it literally made him lean, that enough of virtue went out of him to make him weak and nervous for a fortnight after.”

Of that perhaps equally celebrated poem entitled “The Cathedral,” composed four years later, he remarked while recalling the past to a friend that “it wrote *itself*, that all of a sudden it was *there*, that in his second copy he made many changes, as he thought, for the better, then laid the poem away in his desk to cool for three weeks, that when he came to print he put back

every one of the original readings which he had changed, those which had sprung up in his mind at the first onset, being so far superior to those which subsequent reflection suggested."

Some there are who, not without reason, regard these higher, rarer, gifts of genius as premonitions of a life beyond, evidences of a larger personality than we are conscious of now, or can utilize fully in this present life, consisting, in the words of Browning's Paracelsus,

"Of faculties, displayed in vain, but born,
To prosper in some better sphere."

But the interpretations by these investigators, suggestive and ingenious as they certainly are, are in some respects open to a like criticism of inadequacy made by them against others, for while they seem to furnish a key to many more classes of phenomena than those already noted, they still leave unaccounted for phenomena equally as startling and important. The Society of Psychical Research has, therefore, still left to it the task of sifting out all such facts as are incontestably established and are sufficiently characteristic and inclusive to represent the question in all its essential phases, and then, with the help of the theories already propounded, to formulate a new one if possible, answering fully the conditions of the problem.

But need we wait for the results of this exhaustive research and the final settlement of the ques-

tion whether these manifestations are messages from the dead or deeds of the living before we recognize in them clear prophetic intimation of a life beyond? For even if they are but the deeds of the living, yet all along down the centuries to the present hour have they not come to us as revelations of most astounding possibilities, not only in Nature, but in the human soul, placed for the present beyond our reach to master and make serviceable, as if in waiting for some far-off divine event to bring us into our rich inheritance of perfect and permanent supremacy?

Is not the fact that these apparitional, telepathic, clairvoyant, telekinetic, and other occult powers of the mind, such as that strangely perfect memory of the subjective self, and its inerant deductive reasoning, its intuitional grasp of truth, are called out into full play only under intensely abnormal conditions, and consequently of practically little service now and here,—is not this fact, I repeat, strongly indicative that these gifts, in embryo, are held in reserve to answer the higher behests of some other, larger life beyond. Are they not golden prophecies to gladden our hours of doubt? Has not a kind Providence sent them as foreglints of glories yet to come? Voices from out these mysteries seem to whisper to us, "Wait. The day of your deliverance from the thrall of matter, of your supreme and abiding sovereignty over it with all its contending forces, is recorded in the great Book of Divine

Decrees. The pencilings of gray light that now and then break in through the half-open gateways of the sky amid the night shadows of the life that now is, are harbingers of that great awakening, of that larger, richer, fuller life that is yet to come."

MAN'S TOMORROW

II

Scientific research has brought to light still further facts and led to still further theories tending greatly to strengthen the probabilities of a future life. While they yet fall short of positive proof they are so interesting and suggestive that we can ill afford not to give them our most thoughtful attention. In the work already alluded to, entitled "The Unseen Universe," by Prof. Balfour Stewart and Prof. P. G. Tait, some of these facts with their interpretation and bearings on this great question may be found learnedly elaborated. A brief allusion must here suffice, and rather than simply outline what they have said I will give the thought as it lies in my own mind after receiving their help.

Herschel and Clark Maxwell affirm that the elemental atoms, of which sixty-four or more different kinds have been discovered, have all the marks of manufactured articles. No means have yet been found for disintegrating them or effecting in them any change whatever. They are intimately correlated, and enter multiform chemical combinations with mathematical precision after certain methods and under certain unalterably fixed conditions, and from such substratum all the worlds have been built. It has also become a settled conclusion of science that the present order of things

is slowly but surely approaching an end; that the universe is running down; that there is an unceasing progress toward a state of universal equilibrium, of complete rest; that all the suns, which are but condensed balls of the original fire mist, are radiating, unused, out into immensity, incalculable amounts of energy every hour as they cool and shrink; that satellites are one by one gradually falling into their central suns; that the very sun-clusters themselves as their heat is thrown off draw closer together and will become in the end each a solid mass; and that these globular resultants of the vast nebulæ of the skies will also in their turn meet and fuse until but a single lone star will hang in space, the fires and light and life of which will also at the last die out, and darkness and silence and death settle down upon it.

While it is true that no human imagination can possibly conceive of the immense periods of time that must elapse before the end comes, yet there is no force known in Nature that can avert this fate or perceptibly delay it. Any order or plan that is thus so arranged that it is certainly to cease must as certainly have begun. This is axiomatic, for on a moment's reflection we will see how utterly absurd it is to suppose that anything can have been eternally approaching a goal that has been fixed, or that a goal could have ever been fixed at a distance infinitely remote, for this involves a flat contradiction. There can be no plan

or scheme so devised as to be certain of completion that is not strictly finite. Everything destined to have an end must have had a beginning.

The theory advanced by Sir William Thompson and Prof. Helmholtz, independently of each other, that the first germs of life came to this planet through meteoric showers, would not, even if true, serve at all to prove the suggestion made by them that life, the organized life, of which alone we have knowledge, may be as old as matter itself, for the most ancient of all the worlds, on which vitalization first began, must have passed through a fire and gaseous period precisely like our own, during which no germ could possibly have subsisted. In this same connection it may be said that experimenters have also signally failed to prove that life has had a spontaneous origin, is a constituent element of matter, one of the forms of physical force, but rather they have reached the conclusion, though reluctantly, that only from life can life come, that it can not create physical force or be converted into it, but is an entity in itself. Huxley, Tyndall, nearly all leading scientists, concede this.

When science affirms that this visible universe has had a beginning it does not design to state that it came from nothing, for that is impossible, but that in some past period an intelligent will by a new combination of already existing matter and force, which must be regarded as at the first emanations from the divine nature, gave rise to the

present so-called elemental atoms, which constitute the substratum of all known substances. Whether either matter or force ever did exist apart from each other, or ever could, we have no means of determining, but we are convinced that it is only under and by means of their present combinations that their existence is made known to us through our senses. Matter would be utterly invisible were it not for the revealing power of the very forces which hide within it. After the lapse of long ages of evolutionary change following the manufacture of these atoms new cosmic forces stepped in and moulded them into worlds; then, still farther on, when the time was ripe, vital forces appeared and played their part in the unfolding of the vast plan. They came from the unseen, as did the atomic forces before them, as did also the atomic walls themselves that still continue to shut in these mysterious prisoners. The vital forces build up organisms, each after its kind, live in and reign over them their appointed season, and then vanish again into the unseen. At the last nothing will be left of all this grand pageant that we call the universe but a single motionless, lifeless black ball, a burnt-out cinder, made up of the original atoms, and as these are, as has been said, evidently manufactured articles, and manufactured for this specific purpose, it is reasonable to suppose that when this purpose is attained and matter lies dead in space, the atoms themselves will, by the same all-

directing intelligent power, be dissolved and pass back again into that mysterious unseen existence out of which they issued forth.

The clear inference from all this is, although of course no positive proof is claimed, that the invisible world is the permanent, the eternal one, while the visible is the finite, the temporal, serving merely as a passive medium for great groups of unseen forces, one after another, to enter in for a season and then to pass out again into the unknown dark; that human souls which are the final consummation of this marvelous evolution of the ages, instead of being engulfed in nothingness when they vanish into the unseen, are but advanced to another stage of their life's eternity, enter upon still another period of their endless growth, approach still nearer in their attributes and perfectness to the great Oversoul whose image they bear.

These learned authors, Stewart and Tait, assure us that within thirty or forty years it has gradually dawned upon scientists that there is something besides matter which has as much claim to recognition as an objective reality, and that they have logically reached the conclusion that there is an invisible universe from which life as well as matter proceeds, and that immortality is possible without a break of continuity.

W. F. Evans, in a thoughtful volume, entitled "Soul and Body," very aptly declares: "The underlying reality in what we call matter is

nothing but spirit. Material things, as they are only effects, can have no independent existence. They have the root of their existence in mind, for all things owe their origin and continued being to God, who is an infinite, everywhere present, spirit. The materialistic school of philosophy, reasoning from the fallacies of the senses and rising no higher, sees a realm of matter and supposes mind or spirit to be one of its functions. The idealistic or metaphysical school, reasoning from consciousness, believes in a world of spirit, and that matter is only its sensuous manifestation. In this latter view the deepest realities of the universe are not material but spiritual."

If now, laying aside the telescope with its almost illimitable sweep of vision and closing earth's ponderous rock records of the vast geologic periods of the past, we take up the microscope and scalpel and enter the regions of the minute, we shall come upon facts that give rise to presumptions of a life beyond even stronger than those presented in the learned treatise to which I have just referred, although still falling short of any positive proof. It will be interesting and helpful to note exactly how far also in this department of research science has succeeded in solving the great secret of human destiny. Microscopists assure us that each body with all its complicate adjustments is the joint work of a vast company of bioplasts, invisible toilers, imbedded in minute specks of transparent and seemingly

structureless jelly, and that these tiny workmen all sprung from a single progenitor lodged inside an infinitesimal atom. The specialist turns the full blaze of his most improved search-light upon that atom, and though found to be throughout perfectly transparent, he fails to detect the least trace of any occupant or any sign of organization in it; yet while he is looking, the walls begin to move like thin curtains and to be pushed out here and there into prominence as if by the impatient hands of some imprisoned spirit. A moment later it seizes nutrient particles lying near it, and instantly they are transmuted by some hidden alchemy into this same colorless, transparent jelly; a little farther on, and this mass, being increased, cuts itself in two, and, strange to say, in each half a like living force appears to dwell, there being not only two masses, but two distinct vital forces, where there was only one before. And this proves but the beginning of an extended process of self-division that goes on until a swarming colony of individualized workers have come upon the scene. To astonish us more, these workers are not simply duplicates of each other, as we would naturally expect, but are distinguished by most marked differences of capacity and of appointed lines of action, for out from these specks or group of specks of jelly, as from the spinnerets of spiders, are spun variously formed materials, each speck or group spinning differently, as with self-locomotion they move from point to

point, one turning out the tough contractile fibers of a muscle, another the thin walls of a blood vessel, others still the white gristle of a tendon, the flexible tube of a hair, or the solid pillar of a bone. Each seems to have a separate task, a pronounced capacity for that task, and a positive repugnance to any other. To add still more to our wonder, they work in concert, seem to be most intimately correlated, so that although never known to consult together or to have any knowledge of what each other is doing, yet, without hesitancy, confusion, or mistake, move right on tirelessly until, their work being accomplished, part is found to fit to part with absolute accuracy to the minutest detail, and the result is a piece of machinery the most complicate and at the same time the most complete embodiment of unity of design in the widest diversity of parts of which we have any knowledge or can form any conception. These jellylike vitalized points of matter, the dwelling places and workshops of the bioplasts, constitute about two-fifths of the human body, the rest being made up of nutriment and formed material. When we die this jelly coagulates, and in consequence the body becomes rigid.

These vitalizing forces may be dislodged from their protoplasmic hiding places separately or in groups, and the protoplasm will decay like any other effete matter despite all our efforts to call back the evicted sprites to their old haunts again. Bioplasts spring only from bioplasts. Through

no physical force or chemical combination can they possibly be called into being, and into no other variety of energy can they possibly be converted. They stand apart. They come wrapped in invisibility, enter upon their work, do it in silence and secrecy, and without word of warning or token of farewell take their flight. They will not affiliate with any other force, but simply master and use it while they can. They accompany certain combinations of physical and chemical forces, but are not caused by them, and not being their product but merely accompaniment, the breaking up of the one does not, as far as we know, destroy the other, but simply causes their disappearance. As they necessarily precede the organisms which they build, one would naturally ask why may they not live after they are gone and build new ones as before? But whether they precede those bits of protoplasm in which they are first found and which certainly do not survive the bodies built out of them, and whether that protoplasm is not, after all, profoundly organized, although with our microscopes we cannot detect it, and whether the life of the bioplast is not really dependent on the maintenance of that protoplasmic organization, are matters still undetermined. It is true Lionel Beale, one of the leading microscopists of the world, together with Huxley and others equally eminent in science, affirms that we fail to detect any organization in the bioplasmic mass. But this may be due simply to the imper-

fection of our instruments. We once thought the nebulae of the heavens to be but luminous banks of mist. We afterwards succeeded in resolving them into universes of separate suns. There is abundance of room for organization beyond the present microscope limit. Joseph Cook, commenting on these most startling yet fully accredited facts in the history of bioplasts, says: "If life may exist before organization, why not after? I affirm that the microscope begins to have visions of man's immortality." Has he not here inadvertently taken as settled what is really still in doubt, that protoplasm is structureless and that the bioplasts preceded it? As far as our present knowledge goes, bioplasts do not exist apart from protoplasm. He also says that "there are movements and life in the protoplasm, and the cause of the movements must exist before the movements." True, but not necessarily before the thing moved. We should also note in this connection that as all the lower animal organizations as well as those in the vegetable kingdom are found to be equally the work of bioplasts, Joseph Cook, if consistent and logical, would in holding his position have to consent to throw wide open the gates of endless existence not only to all sentient, but even to non-sentient forms of life.

How are we to account for the differences in natural endowment between those little myriad body-builders as evidenced in the character of their work? Though the multiplication of indi-

viduals is secured seemingly by simple subdivision, the whole vast colony coming from a single progenitor which began by mysteriously cutting itself in two, yet most radical and constitutional differences in aptitude, purpose, and power, become manifest between the divided parts the moment the division is effected, whereas we should reasonably expect absolute sameness if the process is nothing but self-division. To astonish us more, these differences are intimately correlated as these skilled artisans and artists, without apparent consultation, confusion, or delay, set about not only elaborating the absorbed nutrients into different substances suited to different uses, but molding them into widely different forms that prove to be so complementary, so suited to each other, that they constitute the divergent parts of one grand unified plan, and in their intricate yet harmonious cooperation give unmistakable evidence of having been designed from the first to carry out certain comprehensive and far-reaching purposes in organic life.

The skill here displayed is so consummate, the inventive resource so seemingly inexhaustible, the prescience and the knowledge of natural laws, so profound and inerrant, that no thoughtful observer can for a moment doubt but that a divine ideal is here being inwrought into this marvelous mechanism and that the work goes forward under a divine impulse and by a divine informing. But how God's purpose is thus accomplished is not so

clear. Does he give his personal supervision to the working out of every detail? Does he instruct and direct every moment every one of the million workers that are employed in building up every organism? That is not the way science interprets the great ongoings of divine purpose. Such thought would be in marked dissonance with the teachings of all the analogues in Nature, would belittle and degrade our conceptions of the modes of the divine life. The history of the past teaches us that God has employed great secondary causes to body forth his ideals through the slowly moving centuries. To effect this design, forces seem to have been arranged in regular gradation, rank above rank, from the lowly ones that work among the primal atoms of matter to the archangelic that are privileged to enter the very presence chamber of Jehovah and serve as his swift-winged messengers of love. As over the atomic, the chemic, and the mechanic forces the bioplastic for a time hold sway, so over the bioplastic a higher grade of vital force must have been placed in command and intrusted with the general plans and specifications prepared by the Great Architect. But does this second and superior vital force also have a master—one still more widely commissioned and more highly endowed? This piece of mechanism constructed under its supervision is found in intimate and inseparable relation with a world-environment, a perfect and continued harmony with which is absolutely essential to its further maintenance

and availability. Does this delegated overseer of the bioplasts also superintend the subsequent workings of this organism after it has been once constructed and set in motion, or is that task assigned to another agent still? Microscopists tell us that they have discovered two kinds of nerve-fibers having respectively automatic and influential arcs at their termini; that in man these are blended together by innumerable commissures, yet are perfectly distinguishable; that the automatic respond promptly and mechanically to the touch of the environment, although inert in themselves, as are also the influential; that the will-power has exclusive control over the influential, and can check and modify the automatic to a certain extent.

The frontal lobes of the brain are conceded to be the seat of the intellect, but electrical stimulation of these highest parts of the influential nervous mechanism produces, it is said, no muscular motion, which fact, coupled with that of its essential inertness, shows that it can be set in action only by some force which is both wholly exterior to itself and wholly different from any of the physical forces in the world which environs it.

Lotze, Ulrici, Wundt, Helmholtz, Draper, Carpenter, and Beale, all teach this. It is often urged, and I think, with excellent show of reason, that the fact of the unity of consciousness and the persistence of the sense of personal identity not being affected by the continual flux of the atoms

in the body can be adequately accounted for only on the ground of the co-existence of some spiritual entity wholly different from the ever-changing particles of matter and their inherent forces with which it is surrounded and over which it dominates and which it skilfully organizes during a few fleeting moments. The brain does not think any more than the eyes see, one simply ministering to thought, the other, as the microscope or telescope, to sight. These are evidently but helps and instruments to serve the purposes and minister to the wants of an invisible something that has taken up a temporary abode within. Important parts of the organism—an arm or a leg, an ear or an eye—may be utterly destroyed and the *ego* will still remain intact. But whether the *ego*, although thus an entity in itself, still lives on after the entire organism is resolved back to dust remains a mystery. It disappears, and as far as we know never returns.

Some argue that as the soul is as external to the body as sound to the ear or light to the eye, and as dissolution of these organs does not destroy the forces which affect them and which they are designed to interpret and reveal, so the destruction of the body does not extend to the life of the soul. This argument is at fault, as the cases are not parallel, an organic or vital union existing in the one, a mechanic or a chemic in the other. The eye and ear are only media through which the forces outside affect the spirit within,

and these outside forces never for an instant sever their union with matter, while the spirit within, for aught we can possibly prove, becomes utterly divorced. It certainly disappears, and we have no knowledge that it ever comes back.

The materialists are equally at fault when they so strenuously insist that because the soul becomes unconscious when the brain is injured it must continue so when it is destroyed, for, as Rev. Dr. Alvah Hovey has ably argued, the soul is still organically connected with the brain when the brain is simply injured, but utterly parted from it when destroyed. While the spirit continues to act through a living organ, when the organ suffers it must suffer with it, but this does not show that it cannot live without it. While it remains in a house it must look through the windows of that house. If the windows are darkened it must be enveloped in the shadow. But for aught we know it can open the door and pass out into the broad light of day. A similar *non sequitur* is involved in their further insistence that, inasmuch as the mind is infantile with the babe, manly with the adult, debilitated by disease, doting in the decrepitude of age, it must be annihilated at death, for the changes that are wrought during the different stages of life all occur during the continuance of the organic union, and doubtless because of it, and therefore afford no criterion of what a complete severance of that union would result in. Many of the most pronounced evolutionists

frankly declare that the position of the materialists is untenable, that there is a spiritual world as well as a physical, and that between the two there is absolutely nothing in common. Prof. John Fiske remarks in his work on "The Unseen World," that "modern discovery, so far from bridging over the chasm between mind and matter, tends rather to exhibit the distinction between them as absolute. It has indeed been rendered highly probable that every act of consciousness is accompanied by a molecular motion in the cells and lobes of the brain. In a rough way we might thus say that the chemical energy of the food indirectly produces the motion of these little nerve molecules. But does this motion produce a thought or state of consciousness? By no means. It simply produces some other motion of nerve molecules, and this in turn produces motion of contraction or expansion in some muscle or becomes transformed into the chemical energy of some secreting gland. At no point in the whole circuit does a unit of motion disappear as motion to reappear as a unit of consciousness. The physical process is complete in itself and the thought does not enter into it. All that we can say is that the concurrence of the thought is simultaneous with that part of the physical process which consists of a molecular movement in the brain. To be sure, the thought is always there when summoned, but it stands outside the dynamic circuit as something utterly aloof from and incomparable with the events which summon it."

Prof. Tyndall, in his "Fragments of Science," says that "the passage from the physics of the brain to the corresponding facts of consciousness is unthinkable. Grant that thought and a definite molecular action in the brain occur simultaneously, we do not possess the intellectual organ, nor apparently any rudiment of the organ which would enable us to pass by a process of reasoning from the one to the other. They appear together, but we do not know why." Spencer and Bain also coincide with this view.

Professor Huxley, in accord with this, remarks, "I know nothing in the name of biology, and never hope to know anything, of the steps by which the passage from molecular movement to states of consciousness is effected"; and also the late Professor Clifford, "The two things are on two utterly different platforms, the physical facts go along by themselves, and the psychical facts go along by themselves."

Professor Fiske, in his work on "The Destiny of Man," in the opening of the sixteenth chapter, restates this as his position with added emphasis. The thought is expressed with such cogency and clearness and is of such prime importance that I will quote the entire passage: "It is not likely that we shall ever succeed in making the immortality of the soul a matter of scientific demonstration, for we lack the requisite data. It must ever remain an affair of religion rather than of science. The only thing which cerebral physiology tells us

when studied with the aid of molecular physics is against the materialist as far as it goes. It tells us that during the present life, although thought and feeling are always manifested in connection with a peculiar form of matter, yet by no possibility can thought and feeling be in any sense the products of matter. Nothing could be more grossly unscientific than the famous remark of Cabanis, that the brain secretes thought as the liver secretes bile. It is not even correct to say that thought goes on in the brain. What goes on in the brain is an amazingly complex series of molecular movements with which thought and feeling are in some unknown way correlated, not as effects or as causes, but as concomitants. So much is clear, but cerebral physiology says nothing about another life. Indeed, why should it? The last place in the world to which I should go for information about a state of things in which thought and feeling can exist in the absence of a cerebrum would be the cerebral physiology. The materialistic assumption that there is no such state of things, and that the life of the soul accordingly ends with the life of the body, is, perhaps, the most colossal instance of baseless assumption that is known to the history of philosophy."

I think there is abundant evidence in the phenomena of mental life below the human to show that animal instinct, whose sole mission it is to help in the maintenance of animal life, is an impulse implanted in the organism itself to be fol-

lowed blindly through the action of the automatic nerve-arcs. The knowledge it displays is unmistakably divine, the matchless thinking having been done when the organism was at the first devised. But coupled with this purely animal instinct, supplementing its action and supplying its defects, there are certain low forms of will-power and consciousness, of memory, reasoning, and imagination, although the entire purpose of these seems to be to conserve the body merely, there being no apparent promptings to progress, no unsatisfied longings, the whole mental horizon shutting down close about the now and the near.

While there are thus at least indications even among the lower animals of the existence of three distinct forms of force, the bioplastic, the instinctive, and the semi-rational, one above the other, and all above the inorganic, having for their mission to build up and maintain the physical organism, and while they clearly do not result from nor constitute any part of that organism, but rather are its creators and preservers, although not shown to have an existence antecedent to, or apart from, the transparent bit of protoplasm in and through which the bioplastic groups work their wonders, yet we have no positive evidence that they survive their marvelous handiwork. Indeed, as its destruction seems to terminate their only known mission, and as they evince no purpose and betray no longing beyond, there is no reason in themselves considered for thinking that

they outlive it. Agassiz has, it is true, most suggestively remarked in his essay on Classification that "a future life in which man should be deprived of that great source of enjoyment and intellectual and moral improvement which result from the contemplation of the harmonies of an organized world would involve a lamentable loss," and has raised the question whether "we may not look to a spiritual concert of the combined worlds and all their inhabitants in presence of their Creator as the highest conception of paradise." We might reply that should such an environment be found essential to the highest happiness of glorified spirits, God would simply have to perpetuate the same orders of existences which he has already begun, the same procession of life, the same laws of birth and growth and decay, the same pantomimic battlings for mastery which now so call out all the infinite resources of instinctive promptings, that the same individuals need not return to earth again and again, playing the selfsame parts in an endless go-round which evidently would be their fate, no elements of progress having ever yet been found in them, inasmuch as the same ends of human use would by simply continuing the present system be equally well conserved.

Thus we see, in following out the various lines of modern research, that science comes very near the positive proof of immortality which we so passionately long for, but the much-coveted prize ever lies just beyond its reach. Across its path

there seems to appear from out the darkness the uplifted hand of a Divine Providence, and out of the silence to break the whispered words of warning, "Thus far, but no farther."

Joseph Cook says that "the externality and independence of the soul in relation to the body are known now under the microscope and scalpel better than ever before." In this remark there is an apparent lack of careful discrimination, for the body, as usually conceived of, is made up of unused nutrients, protoplasm and formed material. Of the relation between the soul and the transparent jellylike protoplasm, which constitutes, as I have heretofore remarked two-thirds of this mass, the microscope and the scalpel have thus far proved powerless to offer any adequate explanation, and consequently we as yet have no positive knowledge as to whether the soul can survive its complete severance from all its present known linkings with matter. We have indeed been able to prove, as I have attempted to show, that it has a far wider liberty and range of action and a far greater mastery over matter and the under forces; that it has a longer outreach of direct will-power, of personal impressment, of mysterious spiritual telephonic touch, than we had ever dreamed of; that it has other and subtler sense-perceptions than those derived from the usual sense-organs, suggesting the possible possession of a second body too ethereal to be seen and, it may be, too ethereal to be destroyed by the chemic

forces that lie in wait to pluck down what the vital seek to build up and maintain; but, notwithstanding all this, we are obliged at the last to confess that we have no positive knowledge of the existence of the soul only as it continues to be in some way organically linked with tangible matter, to be a veritable prisoner, though its chain may stretch out over a continent or a sea, to be a prisoner still, though, like the soaring yet earth-bound eagle, it has an almost tireless power of pinion to speed toward the sun.

But though science thus far has not been able to furnish us any positive knowledge of a life beyond, yet these same startling facts which I have enumerated of the soul's completer mastery over matter and force, its farther outreach of direct will-power, of telephonic touch, its subtler sense-perceptions, and its ampler and intenser thinking power securing unwonted vividness of mental vision—all intimating that we have entered only in part upon our contemplated inheritance of permanent supremacy—form a chain of indirect evidences well-nigh as strong as direct, demonstrative proof. They are most welcome prophetic voices whispering their cheer through the inmost chambers of the soul.

Science has also by its discoveries so vastly exalted our conceptions of man's place in Nature, and so unfolded the plan of creation, so clearly traced the trend of God's thought through the almost illimitable periods of the past, that the same

conclusion breaks in upon us again and again with overwhelming force as the very highest of moral probabilities that to man must have been intrusted the priceless gift of immortality. There is no other adequate explanation of the discoveries which science has made of God's vast creative work. This method of propounding hypotheses to explain certain phenomena and adopting that one which best answers the conditions, which best explains the facts, is the true and universally accepted method of reaching conclusions in all departments of scientific research. It has led to brilliant discoveries. Out of it have come all the theories upon which scientists have agreed to rest their faith. Leverrier, the celebrated French astronomer, reasoned that certain perturbations among the stars could be explained only by supposing a planet of a given magnitude and position hidden away in the far depths, and so confident did he become that he finally announced that if observers would turn their telescopes as he directed they would find a new world, and sure enough there shone Neptune, a hitherto unseen satellite of the sun. Many important theories have no such ocular proofs, yet science rests in full faith upon them. The undulatory theory of light, involving a belief in the prevalence of a luminiferous ether which even the most powerful microscope fails to reveal and which seemingly possesses properties otherwise unknown to matter, has won credence because it, in like manner, of-

fers the most reasonable solution of a certain group of phenomena. All working hypotheses thus originate and thus finally take their places among the accepted conclusions of science.

As I have in my discussion of "Was Christ Divine," endeavored to show that only on the supposition that there is a life beyond can we adequately explain the life that now is, I will here but briefly allude to the line of argument I there follow. Along down the ages there has been unfolding one vast all-embracing plan of thought. The evolution has gone on century after century, steadily, irresistibly, ceaseless, without hurry, without delay. Its beginning is so far back that we can not even conceive it by our utmost reach of imagination. The wealth of invention and volition expended upon it and involved in it is also to us essentially infinite. The progress has been from the simple to the complex, from an amorphous vapor bank to a peopled world. At the outset matter lay dead in space, without form or motion or force, an absolute, universal chaos of unindividualized atoms. Unseen forces, grouped by deeply contrived correlations, having from time to time entered in as the plan progressed, there have ensued motion, order, organization, and, at last, multitudinous life. Science has shown beyond question that the creation of man was purposed by God to be the goal of all his creative thought on this planet. The entire physical world was fitted up for man's environment.

The drift of the unfolding of this world-embracing scheme had been toward man as the grand consummation. No creative purpose, no voice of prophecy in Nature, but has found embodiment and expression in him. No created thing but has conduced to the comfort and culture of him. No working force but has been mastered and made serviceable to him. No grace of form, of color, or of fragrance, but has sent thrills of appreciative delight through him. He is the one cosmopolite, the subcreator, microcosm, masterful spirit, without a rival in all this wide realm. But the fact of deepest significance is that all this environment of the human soul, this plan of slow and steady growth from germs through struggle which took such countless centuries and such infinitude of contriving to perfect, evidently had for its ultimate purpose the schooling of the moral attributes of that soul. Present happiness has ever been held in rigid subordination, indeed, has been ruthlessly sacrificed whenever the discipline deducible from bodily or mental pain, from poverty, bereavement, danger, or deeply felt loss, was needed to bring out the latent virtues of that soul. Perhaps it may help to deepen our conviction that the development of virtue was the prime and ultimate aim of all this infinite contriving, and it also may disclose to us more convincingly God's conception of the matchless worth of the soul if we somewhat particularize the means that were originated and persistently employed to this end.

The plan of growth through struggle has been found to pervade all the great kingdoms of life on this planet, so intimately interlinked are they one with another. When the sun's heat reaches the buried seed there at once ensues a struggling of opposing forces, the germ, forcing moisture from the soil against inertia and gravity, separating elements chemically knit together, grouping them into new combinations, bursting their coffins and crowding up their heads for breath. Every leaf is a field of conflict, decomposing and assimilating gases and liquids. Trees battle with the winds, and, that they may not be worsted, strike their roots still deeper and bind their sinews in stronger cohesion. Thus plants struggle through every period of their growth. When they cease their contendings they breathe out their lives. In converting vegetable into animal tissue there appear the same phenomena of destroying old and forming new chemical compounds that exist in the growth of flower and leaf. Animal as well as vegetable life enters through infancy and weakness and reaches maturity only through struggle. This fierce chemical conflict that ceaselessly goes on while dead matter is thus being developed into plants and plants into muscle, is but preparatory to a fiercer one, that of animal with animal, developing tribal characteristics among the brutes. Rarely is one born from mote to mammoth but comes battle proof at birth and gifted with instincts for fight. A microscope will

reveal a contest going on among the million occupants of a drop of vinegar. The fish for defence have coats of mail; for attack, weapons of bone. The ants of Africa marshal their lilliputian forces with Napoleonic skill and endure with fortitude worthy of Greek antagonists. From chaos until now, between bill and spur, claw and tearing tooth, heel and horn, sting and tightening coil has this universal war been waging. From now until the world burns will it continue to wage. God armed the warriors, meant the fighting, planned the issue.

Mind, like plant and animal, commences in the germ with no visible signs of power, and its development is effected by giving it to live in, act through and preserve a strange compound of extremely perishable flesh and bone possessing impulses in direct antagonism to its own. The mind, forced to feed and clothe the body, is placed on an Earth for the most part either hopelessly deluged by water, piled into mountains, or spread out into long reaches of burning desert and bleak moor. Only a few small plats of ground are capable of bearing fruit or are fit for habitation, while even these are governed by laws of reproduction so hidden that only after an apparent waste of vast energy and material patient experiment at last discovers them. The metals are distributed through swamp bogs, mingled with the shifting sands of rivers, or poured into the crevices of metamorphic rocks. Storms beat piti-

lessly about the body, frosts bite it, sunbeams search it, winds buffet it, yet the mind, thus compelled to shelter this foundling of flesh entrusted to its keeping, finds Nature tantalizingly giving building material in the rough, trees and quarries, without furnishing even a saw or an axe for the hands of industry. Forced to move about this cumbersome body, and soon tiring of its slow paces and searching for easier and swifter modes of travel it sees the wild horse without a rider but when it tries to mount him, "Catch me" he saucily whinnies and bounds away over the prairie. Dangers beset it on every hand, deserts puff simoons in its face, waves toss their mad caps over it, mountains belch flames at its coming or try to crush it with the avalanche. From this continual opposition to the mind's efforts to care for that over which it is placed guardian, the issue is, it becomes an Aladdin's lamp, and the elemental genii the slaves of the lamp. It touches forests and they melt; it yokes steam-power to machinery and trains of carriages bear the freightage of nations through tunnelled mountains, and monstrous sea-gulls of commerce flap their restless wings around the world. It looks through telescopic tubes and banks of nebulous mist are resolved into universes of stars. It mounts electric steeds and swifter than light dashes along the telegraphic highways of modern life.

These are but the beginnings of its trials and triumphs. Often after it has built its cities and

secured its comforts it finds them consumed by tongues of fire, poisoned with malaria or crushed under the tread of earthquakes. But out from this fierce strife come increased intellectual vigor, deeper knowledge of natural law and wider views of a ruling God. Its strivings with these outer forces are still but faintest echoes of those with the inner, in which the angels and devils of human nature are desperately battling for moral mastery. All the finer beauties in thought and feeling as well as the more imposing attributes of grandeur find origin in struggle. It is through watchings at the sick bed, tears and prayers for the erring, the fading of cherished hopes, that are developed life's rarest graces. Unrivalled for loveliness will ever be the smile of trust that lights the face of sorrow.

As the chief source of grandeur in organic matter is the display of power, seen in the violent commotions of the elements as earthquakes, volcanoes, conflagrations, lightnings and tempests, and as among brutes the highest grandeur is found in their deadly contests where serpents strive with eagles, tigers with rhinoceri, where lionesses brave dangers, suffer fatigue or close in death-grapple in defence of their young; so with more marked emphasis human lives grow grand in dungeons, on racks and beds of torture, at the stake and amid thunderings of artillery, because there the greatest amount of spiritual force is concentrated and is in greatest activity.

Only through the mighty martyr-strugglings of the world's benefactors does the Creator's image become manifest in his creatures.

From times of fable until now freedom has had her votaries. Neither arctic cold which fetters seas in frost, nor the enervating influence of tropical heat can still the heart's throbbings for freedom. This instinctive aspiration may be found even among the savage tribes of men. It is the very last of the nobler promptings that die out in the soul. The war-cry of antagonistic passions has sounded since the first transgression, and under their opposing banners have rallied millions in every age. Their contests widen from individual breasts to fields where battalions decide the destinies of empires. But this fierce contest, thus inseparable from liberty's life, is indispensable to its growth, gifts it with immortal youth and unveils the splendor of its ideal. It is the struggle that follows sunlight on the soul, quickening into verdure the germs lying latent within it. Earth is sown thick with battlefields. Indeed where is the country that has not had its age of heroes, days of aspiration, tokens of promise, whose soil has not been made sacred by the blood of its sons?

The Creator in order that moral worth might be developed in his creatures was necessitated to expose their innocence to the possibility of taint. They must be held amenable to fixed codes of law and at the same time be endowed with perfect freedom of choice. Strength must come through

struggle; liberty be twin born with power to enchain. A Tree of Probation must be planted in the Garden of Delights. Had Jehovah never suffered Satan to hold intercourse with mankind, or had he by his visible presence over awed alike the tempter and the tempted, had he at once and forever torn away every mask of deceit and unearthed evil from every hiding place, rendered impossible all attempts at sophistry by placing his intelligences so perfectly *en rapport* with each other that the inmost recesses of the mind, emotions and motives in their very incipency, should lie exposed to every eye, as we now see he could readily have done, sin and suffering would never have found lodgment in the soul. But humanity thus rendered safe, would have been left hopelessly ignoble, occupying the low plane of brute life without prospect of progress or vestige of royalty. The danger was immanent but indispensable, for man never could have become God-like had it not been possible for him to degenerate into a fiend. The permitted temptation came, man fell, and behind him, exiled and disconsolate, commissioned cherubim closed the gates of his lost Eden, and the flaming sword of Providence guarded the unplucked fruit of the Tree of Life. Since then galling manacles of guilt have fettered limb and thought. Mastery over these inner usurping forces, freedom from prejudices, inordinate appetites and passions, disorganizing thoughts that corrode within, can never be secured

except through the most persistent struggle. Yet this fierce battle with self, thus universal as the race, from which neither class nor age is exempt, rarely a waking hour, a battle fought often at fearful odds, often terminating in irremediable disaster, furnishes many signal instances of the overthrow of evil, and the enthronement in the soul of the attributes of the true and the good.

Thus all of men's mental and moral greatness has had a beginning far back in undeveloped germs, and finally has reached perfection only by means of long processes of growth through unremitting struggle. Thus we can readily see that it was God's prime purpose in this universal scheme of evolution reaching back through untold centuries and involving infinite patience and profundity of thought to develop in human souls those moral attributes that should finally lift them into worthy companionship with himself. Everything was unquestionably sacrificed to that end. Nothing was counted too precious to pay the price. All the many prizes of this present life, health, ease, power, riches, preferments, the tenderest social ties, the most alluring intellectual triumphs, life itself, all have been freely sacrificed that this end may be attained. This has been the one prime, priceless goal of all endeavor. Every other achievement has been counted but incidental and temporary, designed simply to subserve this supreme purpose.

The most brilliant geniuses have been heavily

handicapped by enfeebled bodies, by pinching poverty, by race restrictions, by political servitude, and their most promising plans have been cut short by inexorable death. Moral discipline has been set over against every form of present earthly prize and pleasure. More than all this, God has deliberately chosen to take the risk of this entire vast scheme failing utterly at the last rather than not make the effort to win so rich a prize, for, as we have pointed out, everything from the very necessities of the case has had to be placed in jeopardy. God evidently had longed for sympathetic companionship. We can explain his nature and his course on no other hypothesis. We cannot account in any other way for the origin of our own social instinctive longings. Think you that he, after placing such an estimate on the intrinsic worth of souls, and with his confessed intense desire to enter into intimate union with them, would sit with folded hands and folded heart and see them perish utterly; that he would watch them come and go like flitting phantasms of a dream, knowing certainly, as scientists unanimously affirm, that all physical life on this planet must ultimately come to an end, and darkness and silence ensue? Should he make any other attempt to secure permanent satisfying companionship he would be compelled to plan like stages of evolution and incur like risks. He certainly has the power to prolong this present human life, to make death but the portal to a life beyond if he chooses,

and there is no conceivable reason why he should not and every reason why he should. In the presence of these disclosures can we believe that death ends all, that human spirits upon whose birth and unfolding there have been expended such endless eons of time, such inconceivable riches of thought, would be suffered to drop out of their present self-conscious state of being just as they with most glorious possibilities had barely come into it, for the vast majority of our race die when at the very beginning of their development, the most mature having to the very last a deep sense of their incompleteness and an insatiable longing for a more perfect attainment and an inborn hope of another and a larger life beyond. Would a God who has shown such resources of power, such depth of love, have his final purpose perish right on the very threshold of its achievement?

Modern science, when it made this its notable discovery not only of a world-embracing but a universe-embracing law of evolution, established, as I conceive, beyond all reach of reasonable controversy, the fact of an after-life. We need but to analyze and logically arrange the truths wrapped up in this, the grandest synthesis of science, to realize what an immovable rock science had unwittingly uncovered for us on which to build our hopes of immortality. When the world's *savants* demonstrated the fact of there being progressively incarnated through the long roll of the ages an orderly and predetermined plan of

thought they at the same time and necessarily demonstrated the existence behind it all of an intelligent designing mind and a dominant executing will originating and directing its vast unfolding; and they further demonstrated that there was some culminating purpose, some crowning consummation, designed finally to be realized as an embodiment of some cherished ideal; and they even still further demonstrated that this ideal could be nothing less than a living spirit partaking of the divine nature and capable at the last of entering into the divine companionship. There is no question but that such a height of purpose and of power is within the reach of the creating God; and that with the ushering in of such a spirit, a spirit of illimitable possibilities of intellectual and moral growth, the series of creative acts would be complete, the utmost limit of the divine purpose and power would be attained, and the infinite yearning of the divine heart satisfied. Has the human spirit evinced such possibilities? Are there wrapped up in it germinal capacities for such companionship? Have disciplinary and developing influences been set at work to bring into glorious fulfillment these indwelling prophecies of the soul? Or is man to be succeeded by some still higher intelligence destined to round out into full and final perfectness this vast cycle of God's creative plan? There is every reason to believe that there are already other mighty companies of God's children peopling the planets

that circle round our own or other suns, but have we any grounds for suspecting that they occupy or can occupy, any higher plane of being than it is possible for us to reach, that they can come into any closer relationship with the divine heart? Or rather is it not our privilege to believe that we may, if we will, stand as peers, even among the archangelic hosts in the great ingathering, by and by, of the gifted and the good?

If there are now no created intelligences that radically outrank us, and if there can not possibly be any; if with us, and such as us, God's creative work is made complete—then science in its discovery of a universe-embracing plan of evolution brought to light with it that far more precious fact of God's gift to man of immortality. We need but to get a clear conception of the nature of the elements that must necessarily enter into that living spirit which fulfills the divine ideal, and of the nature of the environment of developing forces necessarily set at work upon it, to see how it must contain within itself both the promise and the power of an endless life. This conclusion we shall find will impress itself upon us as absolutely axiomatic. In order for this spirit to have the stamp of divine completeness it must, in the first place, come into closest vital union with Nature and with all that Nature comprises, and through its knowledge of divine law and its obedience to it must master Nature's forces, every one, and make them serviceable to its sovereign will.

Has not man been brought into just such vital union, and is he not fast entering upon such universal dominion? He is pushing his way out into new fields, making new discoveries, acquiring new powers every day, thus broadening the boundaries of his kingdom continually, yet with all his wonderful conquests he has not yet been able to say, "I have power to lay down my life and I have power to take it again." He has indeed made most marked advancement in his knowledge and treatment of diseases. He has increased his power to direct for a season and utilize the various organizing forces of vegetable and animal vitality and to prolong their active indwelling in the frail bodies which they have built, but, despite his utmost endeavors, he finds himself utterly powerless to prevent their going out at the last and abandoning forever all that they have so marvelously wrought, to be ruthlessly torn down by hordes of disintegrating forces into dull dust again. Of one, and only one, out of all of earth's countless multitudes has it ever been said that he claimed such sovereignty. It is recorded of him that he not merely claimed it but made good his claim, and that after his resurrection he showed to his disciples how that simply through a more perfect vitalization the body once sown in weakness should be raised in power, sown a natural body should be raised a spiritual body, never to feel pain or to taste death any more. Whether he ever made such claim or ever made that claim

good we need not now inquire, but if man is the crown of creation, and if Christ was man perfected, he certainly ought to have had such sovereignty or there would be heights of privilege and of power still beyond his reach. He needed to taste death in order that the disciplinary and developing processes in him might be completed and God's full thought realized. The same sovereignty he possessed he ought also to vouchsafe his disciples, that eventually in him all would be made alive, that when they, through his transforming influence, had become, like him, complete in glad obedience and in loving purpose, had been tested and developed on every side and in every way proved worthy, they would enter with him into the full possession of their inheritance of universal sovereignty under God.

If we find that man has indeed been so royally endowed in every other respect, that he has in him such transcendent intellectual and moral possibilities that he needs but to have continued existence, a fitting environment, and a love-born purpose to prove himself to be that veritable divine ideal which scientists assure us is the long-purposed culmination of all these mighty evolutionary movements with which this whole vast universe is still astir, we can not but conclude that most ample opportunity for the possible intellectual and spiritual unfolding has already been provided for in the loving decrees of God, and that what we call death is only the soul's transition into an-

other and doubtless a more fitting environment of developing agencies in the long process of character-building through which it necessarily must pass before that large masterful liberty born of sovereign love is realized, before the full glory of that long-awaited divine likeness is finally attained. This is a necessary logical sequence, for whether man is to be the last of the created series or not, God cannot avoid affording to some one the same ample opportunity for character-building if he accomplishes his ultimate purpose, and therefore we have no conceivable reason for thinking that he would suffer man to be ruthlessly brushed aside after a few brief years of troubled life to make room for another, provided we can find in him convincing evidences of the existence of veritable living germs of divine likeness. That living spirit of which we have spoken which is to be the full and final embodiment of God's ideal must not only be in vital union with Nature, and be at last master of it, but also endowed with such intellectual capacities, such powers of insight, such insatiable thirst for knowledge, such taste and mental bent, that it will enter appreciatively and with keenest zest into the very thought-life of God as it finds it incorporated in this restless, ever-changing universe of worlds. Are not these unquestionably the gifts of man? His inventions in the arts abound in ingenious appliances precisely analogous to those found out afterward to be wrought into the bodily equipments of earth's in-

instinct-guided creatures, his multiform industries and implements having their counterparts in the diversified labors of insects and brutes, in their tool-terminating limbs and faces, his differently organized communities, his monarchical and democratic forms of government, his disciplined armies, his weapons and fortifications, being matched by like social organizations and like contrivances among these same voiceless multitudes.

These striking resemblances are not the results of any conscious or unconscious imitation by man or the following out of any suggestive hints he may have discovered in Nature, but it was after he had responded to the promptings of his own innate individuality, had pursued independent lines of thought, that he discovered what a remarkable likeness his ideas bore to those in both animate and inanimate Nature. He has also proved himself competent to enter more comprehensively every year into this divine thought-life, pushing his way through into the profoundest *penetralia* with his chemical analyses, his microscopes and telescopes and spectroscopes and odoroscopes, his tasimeters and microphones, and all those ingeniously contrived search-lights of modern science, and he has been enabled to prove the accuracy of his insight by comparing his order of classifications with the order of historical development discovered long afterward in turning the leaves of the rock records of earth's deeply buried past. Kepler, the distinguished astron-

omer, as one of his grand discoveries flashed upon him, knelt in profound thanksgiving and heartfelt awe at the realization that he had been actually rethinking the thoughts of God. Man, also, has been able to catch the conceptions of the Creator, even when only partially expressed, and carry out plans which God had just begun, acting as an intelligent sub-creator, multiplying and improving the varieties of vegetable and animal life, adding new riches of use and new graces of form and of fragrance as God apparently had purposed at the first.

And man is not content with his present achievements, but is adding conquest to conquest with increasing knowledge and ever-multiplying resources of power. There is a tireless and a dauntless energy carrying him onward, an enthusiasm of investigation that leads him to endure every manner of privation and fatigue, to undergo every exposure to danger, to sacrifice every lower interest of life, so intent is he in his longings to enter into this divine thought-life of the universe.

In the third place, this living spirit, in order to be the very climax of creative purpose, must be gifted with moral discernment, absolute freedom of choice, and capacity for self-forgetting love, and must realize, and prove worthy of, the fearful responsibilities that inevitably accompany such bestowal, a bestowal that virtually intrusts to the far-reaching sovereignty of its will the very

arbitrament of its own moral destiny. This is the loftiest pinnacle of privilege or of power to which in the very nature of the case any created intelligence can ever be raised. This is the richest gift that can ever be bestowed, for it is the gift in embryo of the very attributes of God himself. Have we reason for believing that man is such a living spirit? that in moral endowment and in possibility of moral attainment he has been so exalted in the scale of being? The Scriptures have indeed declared that God made man in his own likeness, but is this borne out by the conception of man's higher nature arrived at through scientific investigations of the facts of individual and national history? After a most exhaustive critical research there is now no longer any dispute among scholars as to the fact of a historic Christ, neither is there as to the sweetness and light of an utterly self-forgetting love that pervades every work and purpose of his life. Nineteen centuries have searched him through and through, and no fault has ever been found in him. Renan, that most brilliant French skeptic, who for years made his life and sayings a most thoughtful study from his standpoint, has penned this remarkably frank confession: "The highest consciousness of God that ever existed in the breast of humanity was that of Jesus."

Christ has enriched and ennobled the thought of every age since his advent, and among the most civilized peoples of to-day he is still in the very

forefront in all ethical and religious thought. By the power of his personal sympathy he has, through that most marvelous law of spiritual assimilation, so transformed men into friends and followers, so won their confidence and kindled in them such a flame of enthusiastic devotion, that they have gladly sacrificed every comfort, every prospect of personal preferment, endured every extreme of hunger, thirst, and fatigue, forsaken home and country, submitted to tortures and imprisonments, braved the most threatening dangers, faced death itself with songs and thanksgivings, have proven in every conceivable way with what stanch loyalty men will follow a loved leader, what unfolding and uplifting power love has over the human heart, what capacity for love the heart has; how grandly possible it is for love so to permeate it with its transfiguring light, so to enlarge its powers, exalt its impulses and passionate longings, as to disclose unmistakably the lineaments of its divine likeness and prophesy of its ultimate fitness for divine companionship. The Scriptures assert for Christ that he brought life and immortality to light, and it is generally thought that this was done solely through his direct declarations and his own rising from the dead. This, of course, is proof sufficient for the Christian believer, but to the scientist and philosopher, who regard Christ simply as a man, these evidences are wholly inconclusive; but even they may find in the life of Christ, in its spotless purity, in its un-

broken series of victories over all promptings to selfishness, in Christ's catholicity of love, his revelation of the infinite passion of the human heart for friendly sympathy, its infinite capacity to be uplifted by it through the law of spiritual assimilation, in Christ's recognition of this nascent divinity in every man and in his own manifest power to quicken it into growing life; in short, in his declaration and demonstration of the possibility of the human soul to develop into ever stronger likeness, and enter into ever closer union, with the great Oversoul that gave it birth,—in these and other distinguishing characteristics of his life the scientist and the philosopher may find, as I most profoundly believe, comforting and convincing proofs of man's immortality. There is no other solution of Christ's grand and simple life of love and trust from either a scientific or a philosophic standpoint. No nobler, more majestic being can be imagined; none with a larger freedom of choice, a deeper moral discernment, a firmer adhesion to principle, a more self-forgetting intensity of love. Even if he were mere man, still we can say, with all due reverence, that in his creation God exhausted his infinite resources, for he evidently gifted him with the very germs of infinity, in the possibilities of spiritual perfection and of divine likeness, and in order to disclose that likeness and to call out that matchless love, to unfold that flawless character, he had to make life a perpetual battle-test, a prolonged sacrifice;

he had to provide an environment of weaknesses and cares, of dangers and disappointments, of difficulties and trials without number. He had also to awaken longings and kindle hopes of immortality through certain constitutional, ineradicable intuitions of the soul. These are God's pledges, his authorized voices of prophecy. Has he made pledges, think you, which he can not or will not fulfill? Has he filled man with delusive aspirations for some impossible ideal, with a hopeless hungering for a more perfect attainment; has he condemned him to pursue without respite, and without reward some chimera of the brain, to be deceived and led astray by some will o' the wisp; has he doomed him to go down at last to an eternal death with his burning thirst for the infinite still unassuaged? "If the Supreme Being loves goodness, man's manifest capacity for it must lay hold of his conserving power." And so it would seem that as long as there is the least possibility of developing even the lowest, the least gifted, so long will life be prolonged or renewed and an unremittent effort put forth for their reclaim.

How else, in view of the fact that the vast cosmic process, though already reaching through long eons, has evidently, up to the close of this present life, been left noticeably incomplete, can God's ways to man be justified than by presupposing a longer outreach and opportunity in a life beyond?

We cannot without intellectual confusion attribute irrationality to the noblest instincts of our nature. Had God designed man as the sport of vain and barren hopes and aspirations he would have unworthily created something to no purpose. The infinite capabilities of the human mind, we well know, are but very partially developed in this life. Each new growth in knowledge, in spiritual insight, in power of will, in love for the beautiful and the true, serves simply as a starting point for a larger growth in the same or in other departments of thought and feeling. It would be contrary to the course of Nature, to the generally accepted perfection of the Divine character, to endow a being with capacities destined to remain forever but partially developed. The fact that material things perfect their ideals here and now, while the higher immaterial fail to realize theirs may safely be interpreted as a foretoken of immortality. Has God permitted voices of prophecy to echo through the soul which he has designed should mislead in order that he might develop in man a nobleness, a loving trust, a moral stability, a grandeur of purpose greater than his own? Has he lowered his own moral standard to lift up man's? What could be his possible motive to thus commit moral suicide? Or rather, how could such a purpose ever enter the divine mind? This is absolutely unthinkable, yet without some such divinely inspired hope there could not come into the soul any divine life. Christ con-

tinually held out such hope, knowing full well he could not disciple men without it. Would God with imperturbable coolness suffer the self-renouncing Christ to be thus deceived, and thus also to deceive millions of others age after age and thereby induce them to jeopardize every earthly interest for the reward, after suffering and sacrifice and struggle had done their terrible work, of blank annihilation? Would he awaken in his children this the noblest of all longings, one no earthly friendship can satisfy, to be brought into sympathetic intimacy with himself that they may feel the uplift of his personal presence, would he encourage them to cherish this, the tenderest, holiest sentiment of the soul, and at the same time be harboring that most appalling purpose to banish them forever out of being? Would God so deprive himself of all a father's joy in feeling the responsive heartbeats of grateful and confiding children? Would he thus consent to lose all the charms of social intercourse forever? Is this the God which scientific research has found enthroned behind phenomena? Such a one must be either heartless or helpless. To believe that death is the end-all of the universe would be to believe the universe a worse than failure, a bodying forth of rank injustice and deceit, that there is no glorious "far-off divine event toward which the whole creation moves," no vast world-process out of which there is to issue some day the fullest liberty through the fullest love, no survival of living

spirits fitted and destined for divine companionship, no God wanting love or worthy of it, but some mystery-shrouded being to be left at the last in that loneliest of isolations, a self-imposed exile from all of love's relationships, dwelling forever after amid the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds.

Venturing to reiterate briefly, in order to give fitting emphasis to so vital a view, I affirm that when we conceive the vastness of the plan of evolution, the infinite power and resource and the matchless patience displayed, reaching back over unnumbered ages, the pronounced advances so far secured, the stupendous issues at stake, the possible sublime goal of goodness as bodied forth in the life of Christ, the blood and tears and agony wrung from tortured souls, the heroic sacrifices endured, the complete self-effacement, when we catch glimpses of what inestimable results might be secured were a longer trial given, the question comes up with overwhelming force, what conceivable reason can there be for abandoning further effort? God's resources for rescuing struggling souls are certainly not exhausted, the prizes proffered are of priceless value, the means are apparently ample if persistently employed. Why should one brief human life end the test? If there is no life beyond, if there is to be no further effort made, how can we but conclude that the whole scheme was conceived in most heartless fraud, and that it must end at last for the great God of the

universe in an eternal haunting memory, a fathomless remorse, an inconceivably lonely isolation?

Into such a horror of darkness does irrefragable logic plunge our thought when once we deny man's immortality; but the moment we grant it, what a blessed light, what a wondrous harmony breaks along the world! How clear it becomes why deep down in the restless human heart there exists that intense longing for permanency, that desire running through all its joy in the healthful changes which life brings that the life itself shall endure, that the work of life and the record of it shall remain, that its own power shall continue to be recognized and felt! why it searches so diligently, while embodying its concepts, for those materials, for that device of workmanship, and those combinations of form best suited to withstand the stress of disintegrating forces! why it aims not only to win but to hold the pleasure-yielding prizes of life, to mould circumstance, command destiny, and defy change! why the statesman seeks to make some permanent impress on his country's polity, the scholar to leave behind some imperishable monument of his learning, the scientist to link his name indissolubly with some notable contribution to human knowledge, the philosopher to found some growing school of thought, the poet to set singing forever some love or longing! why we seek so instinctively to paint our cherished ideals on the strongest canvas with the most permanent pigments, chisel them into

granite and marble, mould and harden them into brass and iron! why in every imaginable way, according to our vocation and taste and environment and personal power, we make it a lifelong study how to place that which we prize beyond all annihilating influences! why the thought of ourselves or of our work passing away is so utterly repellent, the longing for perpetuity so deeply imbedded in the constitutional framework of our minds, being as universal as the race, becoming more pronounced as the world becomes more civilized, involving our noblest loves, our loftiest aspirations, our brightest expectancies!

How clearly we can see pervading the mighty ongoings of Divine Providence a purpose of divine love the very instant we regard this life as a preliminary training school for a life beyond, the present sufferings and struggles, the rending of tender home ties, the defeat of fond ambitions, the dashing from parched lips of lifted cups of pleasure, all as indispensable prerequisites to character-building, to the securing and conserving of our higher and more permanent interests, as the only disciplinary and developing agencies that are at all adequate to prepare for that larger and grander life awaiting us by and by! How cheerily the battle-scarred Paul speaks of this in his Corinthian letter, "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory!"

What masterful portraitures we meet with here

and there in Tennyson's "In Memoriam" of the doubts that distract us because of the turbulence and swift vicissitudes that mark human history and the restful assurances that come afterward, like blessed benedictions, as our faith takes hold on the promises of immortality that are sounding in our souls:

"Are God and Nature then at strife
That Nature lends such evil dreams?
So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life.

"So careful of the type? but no,
From scarp'd cliff and quarried stone
She cries, a thousand types are gone;
I care for nothing; all shall go.

"O! life as futile, then, as frail!
O! for thy voice to soothe and bless!
What hope of answer or redress?
Behind the veil, behind the veil.

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"Thine are these orbes of light and shade;
Thou madest life in man and brute,
Thou madest Death; and lo! Thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

"Thou wilt not leave us in the dust,
Thou madest man, he knows not why,
He thinks he was not made to die,
And Thou hast made him; Thou art just.

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"That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not a life shall be destroyed

Or cast as rubbish to the void
When God has made the pile complete.

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“That each who seems a separate whole,
Should move his rounds, and fusing all
The skirts of self again, should fall,
Remerging in the general soul,

“Is faith as vague as all unsweet.
Eternal form shall still divide
The eternal soul from all beside.”

With this clew in our hands man no longer appears bunglingly made or the earth ill suited to him, or his constitutional instincts and intuitions raising, through some fell purpose, false and hurtful expectations, or the Creator with deliberate heartlessness breaking with him his most solemn word. With this clew we can reconcile with the supposed beneficence, wisdom, and power of God the fact that the tenderest ties of love and friendship have been made possible and been encouraged within an environment of ever-threatening dangers and of certain death; we can understand why man's affectionate nature has been filled with yearnings that this world's companionships utterly fail to satisfy, with outlooks that this world's experiences have never yet realized.

With this clew we can satisfactorily account for the world's consensus of opinion in favor of immortality, that opinion being the more pronounced the more masterful and exalted the mental and spiritual gifts; we can interpret the pre-

dominance of hope, the insatiable desire for life and creeping horror at thought of annihilation, the indefinable expectancy reaching out beyond the confines of time, that deep unrest, that intensest longing, that consciousness of yet but partially developed intellectual capacities and of spiritual imperfections with which all the nobler souls are filled, the fact of the imagination's power to indefinitely widen the horizon of the actual and the present, the loosing of man from the thralldom of blind instinct and the placing upon him the fearful responsibilities of sovereign will, the power of standing with unquailing heart face to face with death, the sublime willingness to sacrifice for principle all the privileges of life, its brightest prospects, even life itself.

With this clew we can with calm confidence and enlightened faith assure ourselves that "this universe," as another has said, "is not an infinite contrivance for the production and swift extinction of sentient, loving, intelligent life; it is not a stupendous vestibule to a charnel-house, where affection, friendship, science, and art find congenial and progressive recipients for a few fleeting moments, and man is admitted to a glimpse of a possible happiness and growth and then plunged into blackness of annihilation; a world where life and mind are given only to be withdrawn, as if in mockery, and truth and goodness are as evanescent as falsehood and evil." With this clew we are no longer the victims of that terrible night-

mare of doom under which many of the ablest physicists of our age seem fast bound as by an evil spell, "of giant worlds concentrating out of nebulous vapor, developing with prodigious waste of energy into theatres of all that is grand and sacred in spiritual endeavor, clashing and exploding again into dead vapor balls, only to renew the same toilsome process without end—a senseless bubble of Titan forces, with life, love, and aspiration brought forth only to be extinguished"; for with this clew we can see afar down the coming ages a glorious culmination of that vast plan of evolution which science has discovered reaching out to the uttermost bounds of the universe and back through the remotest periods of the past, awing us by the majestic sweep of its divine thought and the infinite depths of its divine love.

It has been profoundly said that "immortality is the great prophecy of reason." Open-eyed science, if it stands by its uniform practice hitherto, must also accept this hypothesis of a life beyond, as it, and it alone, furnishes adequate explanation of the phenomena of the life that now is.

Upon this presentation of the intimations and strong probabilities, amounting to almost positive proofs, of the fact of immortality as derived from scientific investigations and discoveries thus far made, we must for the present be content to rest our case.

MAN'S TOMORROW

III

Thus far we have seen that science, while furnishing no positive knowledge of immortality, has certainly so established and emphasized the reasonableness of it as to confirm our hopes and transform them into feelings of blessed assurance. It also has helped us to wider and clearer conceptions of what that life will be.

It has revealed the universal prevalence of a law of evolution from the simple to the complex; a law of order, of gradation of forces, reaching from the atomic to the vital, from the first faintly spiritual to the divine; a law of harmony involving the final and absolute mastery of every force over all below it and absolute submission of every force to all above. It has established that this harmony is the proposed goal of creation, and that any force that persistently impedes this progress or breaks this harmony will ultimately and utterly destroy itself. Science by its investigations also leads us to believe that matter and force are indissolubly joined, that we have no warrant for believing that our souls will ever exist without a body. No such divorcement is anywhere known. Though atomic forces have never been dislodged from their original hiding places, other physical forces have; but while changed in form they have never been destroyed or shorn of the

least *scintilla* of their primal power, so scientists claim, a law having been discovered to prevail not only of correlation but of conservation so complete that they can be made to pass through a wide circuit of change and again to reappear in their first forms and first potency. The vital forces, however, not only can be dislodged from the bodies which they have organized and for a time reigned over, but dislodged beyond all reach of our recall. If they continue to exist—and, judging from the law of persistence prevailing among other forces, we have analogical reason to think they do—they must begin anew the work of vitalization unless the second body is already organized inside the first, for if souls survive we have no reason to doubt but that their gift of organization will survive with them, and that they, the instant they leave the one body which they preceded and produced, will, if necessary, begin building another. But they, perhaps, will not be forced to use such gross material again or else will uplift and transform that material by a more perfect vitalization. It will not, however, seriously surprise us if it transpires that inside the present visible body another subtler one already exists, made, it may be, out of some such invisible incomprehensible form of matter as the all-pervasive luminiferous ether, so seemingly undisintegrating and so ethereal as to be able to interpenetrate all other substances, even the most compact. As you are doubtless aware, the undula-

tory theory of light—a theory as well established as that of gravitation itself—presupposes the existence of an intermolecular and interstellar ether, which is not only all-pervasive and invisible, but possessing properties seemingly contradictory to those of ordinary matter.

Newton in his "Principia" alludes to a most subtle spirit pervading and lying hid in all gross bodies, and in his description designates quite clearly and fully this very ether, although he acknowledges that there has not been found as yet any direct proof of its existence. Since his day his remarkable surmise has been conclusively established by proofs offered by Struve, Helmholtz, Lord Kelvin, Dolbear, Tesla, Röntgen, and other scientists. How astonishingly has this widened our conception of the properties of matter.

It is through this ether that not only light and ordinary electric waves are propagated, but the X-rays and wireless telegraphy, heat and even gravitation are supposed to accomplish their marvels. Bodies made out of this form of matter could occupy the same space at the same time as our present grosser ones, move freely among them, be apparently exempt from disintegration, become visible or invisible as the indwelling spirit willed, be transported with inconceivable swiftness, almost the swiftness of thought, be free from all the dangers that beset us now, because of being more completely vitalized, be endowed with incomparably more acute sense perceptions, have in

every way greater receptive and revealing power.

To our utter astonishment John Herschel estimates that the pressure of this mysterious ether per square inch must be seventeen billion pounds. Prof. Jevons says that we may regard it as infinitely solid adamant, and this view seems necessitated, for by means of its marvelous elasticity wave-motion is propagated through it at the inconceivable rate of one hundred and ninety-two thousand miles per second, yet, to our utter astonishment and confusion of thought, the most ponderous worlds whirl about in it with seemingly so much ease that it is difficult for us to persuade ourselves that they are not whirling in a vacuum. This fits in strangely well with Paul's conceptions and with Christ's recorded transfiguration before his crucifixion and his reappearances afterward. "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." . . . "All flesh is not the same flesh, there is one flesh of men, another of beasts, another of birds, so there are celestial bodies and bodies terrestrial." . . . "So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption, . . . it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body." . . . "And Jesus was transfigured before them, and his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light." . . . "And it came to pass as he sat at meat with them he took bread and blessed

it and broke it and gave it to them and their eyes were opened and he vanished out of their sight." . . . "In the evening when the doors were shut for fear of the Jews, came Jesus and stood in the midst and showed them his hands and his side, and after eight days, the doors being shut he again appeared . . . he took of the fish and the honey and did eat before them, and while he blessed them he was parted from them and carried up into heaven."

From this it would seem that death is but a transition from one materially conditioned state into another. Note how both Christ's transfiguration and resurrection body was of so ethereal a texture and so completely under his vitalizing control it responded promptly and absolutely to his every wish, instantly appearing or disappearing, of wraith-like texture, or becoming flesh-tinted and contoured and seemingly organized and clothed upon as of old, unobstructed by the most solid substances as it came and went with the speed of light, gravitation-free as it glided over the foam-capped crests of the sea, or disappeared at last behind the cloud-curtains of the sky. We know of nothing to hinder this ether becoming organized and rendered serviceable as a subtle second enswathment of the soul. Such execution of a double purpose, instead of being unknown to nature, is indeed so common that we have failed to catch its full significance. This is constantly taking place in vegetable and insect life. The

germinal force inside the apple seed makes no disclosure for years of its ulterior design. It works steadily through many growing seasons, fashioning bole and branch and leaf as if no other commission were given to it. The architectural skill displayed as it arranges so accurately the elemental atoms which it picks out of the soil, the air and the raindrop along those lines of symmetry which accord with some predetermined pattern, excites our wonder, and well it may. But what think you would be our astonishment if for the first time, while yet wholly unprepared by any prior experience or by any intimation from any one, we should witness the whole tree bursting into bloom and afterward throughout its branches blending with rounded and ripening fruit?

The marvelous transformation of the crawling worm into a winged insect equipped with a new set of instinctive impulses suited to the new mode of life into which it is suddenly summoned is a similar carrying out in animal life of a double commission. How these two purposes are kept distinct, what determines the time of transition, and how the change is wrought, are impenetrable mysteries. The early Christians in their adopting the butterfly as the emblem of their faith in immortality clearly indicate their belief that through some such mysterious change as that going on inside the hard, coarse coat of the chrysalis a psychical body is being built for us within the physical by the same commissioned organizing force.

To suppose that after death the human spirit for any length of time, however brief, is to be in a disembodied state is contrary to all the teachings of science as to the history of force. Such a state is not only beyond our experience, it is beyond even our conception. The very existence of any force is revealed to us solely through its effect on matter, through its intimate linkings with it, and it is through this very channel that the existence of even matter itself is made known, for divorce from it the forces that are lodged in it and you will strip it of all its characteristics, of everything that serves to reveal its existence to our senses. As we know absolutely nothing of the nature of the substratum of matter, we know not what would be left, or whether anything would be, were all force taken away, and so, on the other hand, it is absolutely impossible for us to conceive not only how force could operate without matter, but how it could even exist without it. There is no law whose universal prevalence has been more thoroughly established by scientists, and whose importance is more uniformly conceded, than the law of contiguity. When, then, through scientific research we reach the conclusion that the soul is immortal, we find ourselves strongly impelled to the further conclusion that each soul has two bodies, both organized and similarly equipped with sense-perception, one within the other and invisible to it, though none the less a real material entity, and that this second in-

strument becomes the principal one when the first is worn out and cast aside. The soul must be individualized by some sort of material covering, as otherwise it cannot enter into any relations with an exterior environment. We cannot conceive of any force, human or divine except as encased in some sort of a body which it has organized and continues to maintain by its interpenetrating vitalization. We may not now have any scales with which to weigh this body, or measuring tape with which to ascertain its dimensions, or eyes to trace out its contour, yet we must conceive it to exist as the spirit's possible dwelling place. The spirit must thus in our thought be isolated and individualized, or we shall be in a state of mental confusion regarding it. To affirm that it has no form, that it fills immensity, is to affirm what to us is absolutely unthinkable. Out of what kind of matter the second body is made we can not tell, it being too etherealized to come within the reach of our microscopes or of our chemical tests. That it really exists is not only thus logically established, but very strongly suggested by those strange psychical phenomena to which we have already directed attention. It is quite possible that the difference between the two bodies consists not in the material used, but in the degree of vitalization that has taken place, in the control secured by the organizing force. Why need we go further for a solution of the mystery? Whether this second body will be the only other

one the spirit will ever weave about itself, whether this will prove sufficient for all its after-needs, there are no means of determining; but of this we can rest assured: that for the purpose of further intellectual and moral development the spirit will somewhere, in some way, be still furnished with the needed bodily and world-environment of disciplinary suffering and struggle until the great work of evolution already carried on through the vast eons of the past becomes complete.

The invisible second body to which I have referred may survive, as perhaps it has preceded, this entire series of changes, and finally be the only enswathment of the soul. Of this we can feel assured: that the final, permanent body will be free from all those imperfections and limitations which were designed for, and are suited solely to, the work of character-building. It only remains for us to determine what these imperfections and limitations actually are in order to judge what the characteristics of the final body will be after these have served their purpose during the preliminary periods of moral development. There is one way, and only one, in which science can be of service to us in our attempts to unravel the deep mysteries of the life beyond, and that is by definitely determining the main trend of the divine purpose by what has already been accomplished. God has unquestionably carried out in Nature enough of his plans for us to intelligently trace their principal outlines and pre-

dict their result if we will carefully study the drift of the centuries as scientific investigations disclose it to us. A sufficient segment of the circle has been given us to find its center and complete its periphery. It is now the settled belief of the whole thinking world that in the changes thus far effected there is observable a far-reaching plan of evolution—a patient, persistent, orderly advance from chaos to cosmos, from the simple to the complex, from inorganic to organic, from first faint glimmerings of vegetable and animal vitality to the highest forms of self conscious and morally responsible spirit-life.

The contention of to-day is not as to the fact of an orderly evolution, but as to the interpretation of that fact; one school of thought holding that differences in kind are but the gradual accumulations of differences in degree, primal matter possessing the promise and the potency of all life, to be finally unfolded through some inherent impulse working in accordance with inexorable law; the other school maintaining, and I think with better show of reason, that for the forwarding of the grand purpose necessarily new forces have from time to time been introduced from without by some watchful and efficient intelligence. We are safe in assuming, as I have already attempted to show, that composite man with his pronounced personality is unquestionably the ultimate goal of God's endeavor; that with the perfecting of this, the embodiment of his long-cher-

ished ideal, his purpose will be completed. And now we may further safely and confidently assume that God will finally reach the full realization of his creative thought by continuing to follow along those very lines of evolution that have characterized his work thus far—that of both an *uncurtaining* and *unfettering* of this very same supremely gifted spirit upon which he has left the imprint of his image and to which he has offered the priceless privilege of his own companionship forever. I ask your attention, then, while I point out with some degree of particularity these two phases of evolution as brought to light by the science of physics and of metaphysics, and of personal and national history, for here and here alone, as I have said, does science afford us any sure words of phophecy as to what physically, intellectually, and morally we are destined to become if we lovingly consent to the perfecting in us of the divine purpose.

First as to the uncurtaining:

There may be noticed everywhere in Nature a carefully contrived and a most consummately executed plan of concealment. Our spirits are housed in bodies furnished with five instruments of search, marvelously constructed, it is true, and of marvelous power, but nevertheless of quite pronounced limitations. With our sense of sight we fail to discover even in our clearest northern skies aught else than minute spangles of light, and only after centuries of scientific training we learn to

regard these specks as ponderous worlds whirling through the measureless depths of space. To the great mass of mankind only here and there one of the thousand nebulae with their innumerable systems of suns and satellites is in the least visible, and it appears but as a thin, fleecy fleck of cloud on the face of the heavens. Even the Milky Way, of which we form part, is to our unaided vision but a dim, diffused haze of inextricably interwoven threads of light. Our own moon, comparatively so near, seems but a smooth disk, and its edge, though actually serrated by mountain peaks, but a line of interrupted curve.

Not only is creation thus hidden from us by immeasurable distance, but also by an infinite minuteness. A drop of vinegar we now know is a wide lake peopled and disported in by hundreds of organized living creatures. This thronging multitude of sentient life is as absolutely curtailed from our perception as it would be were the drop this moment plunging down some precipice on the planet Mars.

A hiding is also effected by extreme tenuity. A drop of water may be converted into viewless steam, or chemically torn asunder into two invisible, imponderable, and odorless gases.

There is still another method, to us seemingly past finding out, in which matter has been removed from our field of vision. The existence of that luminiferous ether to which I have referred as accepted by science illustrates this, a fluid filling

not only all interstellar spaces, but so completely permeating all substances that it absolutely incases every separate molecule composing even the most compact.

The vast majority of material phenomena equally elude the detection of our other organs of sense. We can but concede that there are numberless sights and sounds and odors and flavors absolutely beyond our detection if we study the pantomime of the lowest animal life going on about us. These organs, by which alone we can lift any of the curtains of concealment, not only have thus very restricted capacities, but are soon fatigued, are easily deranged, distorting all they tell; sometimes are, one or more of them, taken away altogether through accident or disease. Moreover, the bodies themselves in which these organs are set are so cumbersome that they are with the greatest difficulty and with most provoking slowness transported from place to place by the eager spirits which they seemingly so inadequately serve.

Why were we shut up in bodies thus so limited, with but five little dusty windows through which to catch at the best very imperfect and unsatisfactory glimpses of the world outside? Surely the purpose was not to hide it from us permanently, for we have been gifted not only with an insatiable curiosity, but also with inexhaustible material and mental resources for drawing aside the countless curtains. We have pierced the stellar spaces with our telescopes and disentangled the

light of nebulæ; with our spectroscopes we have solved the riddle of the sun; and so successfully have we supplemented our senses that even the regions of the infinitesimal scientists have reached and ransacked with their cunningly devised instruments of search.

Not only are many of the phenomena of matter thus hidden, but absolutely all of the forces which produce them, the wonder workers persistently keeping their faces closely veiled. The same holds true in reference to all those vegetable and animal forces which with most consummate constructive skill enwrap themselves in organisms faultless in symmetry and in the adaptiveness of their various parts to the demands of their respective environments. That giant redwood of California is the spacious palace home of some viewless fairy which through the lengthened lapse of centuries with tireless industry has incorporated, cell by cell, its grand ideal from the crude material it has gathered from the earth and air about it. Its strong pulses beat to the very tips of the many million leaves that glance in the sunlight, yet, strange to say, it once found within the microscopic walls of a single germ ample room for a home and a hiding place. The spirit that looks out from the flashing eyes and that inspires the lightning leap of the fierce tiger was once imprisoned in an egg too small to be seen without most powerful lenses, and too fragile to withstand any but the gentlest touch of human fingers.

These vital forces in their essential nature are still to us profoundest mysteries. Even to become acquainted with the conditions under which they are commissioned to work their wonders has demanded from us a most patient and critical study, and still even here our eager hands have succeeded in only partially drawing aside the hiding curtain.

Instinct, as to its working methods and real essence, also presents problems that have perplexed the most painstaking and thoroughly equipped investigators of all ages, and have received at best but partial solution. Our own nature, origin, and destiny—matters to us of such transcendent moment—remain to this day, after centuries of research, essentially sealed secrets. And he who has so carefully contrived and consummately executed this plan of concealment has seen fit to hide even himself, making darkness his throne, and his pavilion the thick clouds of the sky.

Why is this curtain thus drawn about us everywhere? Why is one corner of it so tantalizingly lifted? Why are we endowed with such irrepressible curiosity to get full view of what we at the first are permitted but the faintest glimpse, or of whose existence we are informed only by some vague suggestion? Why are there such multitudinous resources without and within us for unearthing these secrets hidden so carefully in the vast domain of matter and of mind? Sufficient answers may be found in the fact that thus there

are furnished us fields for thought, possibilities for virtue, occasions and capacities for joy. If we will carefully inquire into these, God's modes and means of carrying out his vast scheme of evolution, we shall be wonderfully helped in our attempts to study into human destiny, into the nature of our future bodily endowments, of our mental activities, and of our spiritual and emotional life.

First, this plan of concealment affords us wide fields for thought. Our minds in the beginning are total blanks, our guides being simply a few instinctive impulses. The world into which we are introduced is to us, absolutely, *terra incognita*. With but germinal capacity, with faculties untrained, with no stock of experience or acquisition of knowledge, we enter upon our careers. Growth by means of a ceaseless activity is the law of our life. Keen curiosity is the first intimation of our mental awakening, and this mind-thirst thus beginning with our birth never ceases so long as we are in a condition of health, but proves insatiable and of an ever-increasing intensity. Congenital or acquired differences in taste or aptitude lead us into separate fields of exploration, to the rendering of different interpretations of the objects or operations in Nature about us. Companies of adventurers sail unknown seas, trace the configurations of strange continents, and follow rivers through their tortuous windings into dense forests, over wide prairie land, through canon and

mountain gorge to their fountain heads, fighting against wind and tide, enduring arctic cold and tropic heat, braving dangers from wild beasts and still wilder tribes of men, suffering the pangs of hunger, even willingly laying down their lives that they may lift from off the face of the planet the curtain of mystery. The flora and fauna of new-found continents then become to botanists and naturalists objects of profound study, while geologists, going below the surface, read in the fossil forms imbedded in the folds of earth's mantle records of countless centuries of change. Chemists and biologists extend still further human inquiry into the labyrinthian mazes of Nature's arcanum; psychologists and metaphysicians explore the realms of mind, while earnest theologians essay to enter the august presence even of the soul itself and of its creating God.

Thus many sided Nature has been undergoing the sharp scrutiny of the many-eyed mind of man, and in the world's great libraries and museums are garnered the rich returns of this indefatigable research of the ages. Yet secrets are still locked up in creation and exploring parties are still pushing out in every direction, keenly alert to discover something new.

Will this mental activity ever cease? Will there ever come a time when the last hiding curtain will have been lifted, the last secret solved, the last craving of curiosity satisfied? Will it be possible for man ever to explore all the mysteries of

the universe and have no further food for thought? To answer these questions in the affirmative we must assume that God's own thought-life and creative activity will cease, or that we shall through persistent disobedience sink down into apathy and be finally cut off from any further intercourse with him. It is reasonable for us, then, to anticipate that the final bodies of those of us who through a loving obedience attain unto eternal life will differ from these present ones in being more serviceable to the mind, more completely under its control, with none of their interpretative senses lessened either in number or power, but rendered rather more acute and accurate. The changes effected in them will be such as not to retard mental activity, but to quicken it. Present defects that can be overcome by our own invented appliances we should not, therefore, expect to have removed by God, since this would so far lessen the incentives to mental activity and so far keep back that evolution which he has so carefully planned.

They will, however, know no fatigue, feel no pain, meet with no disaster, be a slave to no devastating passion. Fire will not scorch them, beasts devour them, poison prey upon their tissues and sap their life, but mind will be their absolute master. It has now only partial control; vitalization is as yet incomplete. It will be simply by rendering this vitalization, this spirit-dominance over matter and all disintegrating forces, absolutely supreme that these favorable changes will be

wrought. We have no occasion for supposing that any change will occur in the nature of the different forces, but merely in the degree of sovereignty which the human spirit will have over all those that are below it, brought about through the perfecting of its loving obedience to all above. This is the already declared order of divine harmony, as we shall show farther on. We are, in other words, to become more thoroughly alive, more masterful, and this increased sovereignty will unquestionably be given as soon as God finds it safe and desirable, as soon as our moral schooling through pain and weakness and danger and grief is ended, and we have developed fully in virtue, for a time will come when there will be no more moral growth, no further need for discipline, when those of us who have continued lovingly obedient will have attained unto the stature of the perfect Christ, though mental activity and growth will go on and on forever.

In the picture, presented to us in the gospels, of Jesus during his forty days' sojourn following his death, we have depicted the power over the body which every soul may expect as soon as the last victory over evil has been won. We will not now stop to discuss whether that account is historically true, although it is in such admirable keeping with all that has gone before and presents such a faultless finish to a life so divine, that I, for one, cannot but place confidence in its verity. It at least furnishes a most apt illustration of what

the permanent body will be if the present plan of evolution is carried out, and surely we have a right to expect it will, when the spirit has entered upon its final and full dominion over it. It is said that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of heaven; true, for flesh and blood as understood by us are but partially vitalized matter, liable to deterioration and disintegration, a heavy clog on the spirit. Over the body of the risen Christ neither disease nor death had any more power. No hostile force could mar it. It could be transported at will, even lifted up beyond the clouds, gravity being completely overborne by the sovereign spirit within. About it could be thrown a mantle of invisibility. It could be at once so etherealized as to be passed through closed doors, so condensed into tangible material as to partake of honey and fish, and to so present the print of the nails and of the spear-thrust to the doubting Thomas as to persuade him again to believe. The appearance of its face and the very tones of its voice could be so changed as to escape the recognition of those who had known and loved Christ best. It could be transfigured with the ineffable glory of an angel and tread again the crested waves of Lake Gennesaret on an errand of love. No behest of the spirit could it fail to obey, for it was no longer flesh and blood, no longer matter having an unstable equilibrium, the sport of contending forces, but matter mastered, glorified, redeemed. Not only will a body thus become the

permanent and perfected instrument of the mind, having organs of sense-perception, and that greatest of all organs, the organ of thought, and performing all the functions which the mind's eternal activities will require, thus keeping it in touch with the material universe that environs it and reveals to it through its incarnations God's own thought-life through the ages, but the mind itself will have its visions cleared from pride and preconceived opinions, prejudices and passions, and all those distracting and distorting influences that becloud it while the moral battle is raging, and with a tireless brain and inexhaustible nerve-power to do its bidding, it will unquestionably make mighty strides in its quests for truth. To suppose, as most of us have been taught to do, that we shall in some mysterious way grasp by intuitive insight all knowledge instantly, and not be compelled to go through long processes of reasoning and make protracted inquiry by patient, persistent experiment, as is our present experience, is unquestionably fallacious, as we can readily see, for were this the case there could be no continuous history of mental evolution, as that involves gradual accretions of knowledge and an ever-increasing grasp of thought. It would be contrary to the whole mode of God's working hitherto. What we have warrant in looking for is a steady growth, a perpetual unfolding from century to century, from age to age. We possess in part, and occasionally exercise even now, intuitional power; but this is

designed to supplement, not supplant, the deliberate self-conscious ratiocination that is the leading characteristic of our present thought-life. We have every reason to believe that, in strict accordance with this plan of evolution that has marked God's course thus far through the centuries, as science teaches, there will still be carried on, not only on this side of the grave, but beyond it, all the varied activities of the universe. Man will acquire continually deeper insight into the divine thought and enter into closer touch with the life of the divine love.

The "knowledge" which the Bible affirms "shall vanish away" is only that supposed knowledge of which blind men boast that is so mixed with mischievous error. This surely will vanish away and juster conception eventually prevail, but death will not instantly transform us from intellectual babes into athletes, from untutored savages into deeply versed angels of light. That would not be evolution, but creation. As in virtue, so in knowledge, we "must mount to the summit round by round." The insight and mental training we here acquire will not be lost, but will mightily avail in our further search for truth. We have no assurance that we will ever see the essence of things, that we will ever be permitted to look into the unveiled face of a force, will ever be permitted to lift the hiding curtain of matter from before any living spirit. What I conceive that prophecy to mean—"For now we see through a glass darkly;

but then face to face; now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known"—I can best explain after having pointed out how by means of this same carefully executed plan of concealment the supreme work of character-building is at last accomplished. To a consideration of this, the second purpose and achievement, we will now turn.

There is not a single moral trait that is not the outgrowth of a struggle with temptation, a victory over it. When Adam came from the hand of his Creator he was simply innocent. He had not a particle of moral character, good or bad. God—and we say it reverently—had no power to endow him with any. Could he by his creative fiat have placed him and his posterity on the earth full panoplied at the very outset in all those noble attributes that have so sweetened human life and crowned human history with unfading glory, and could he have made it impossible for any of them ever to have fallen from this eminence, would he not surely have done it? Would he not have avoided if he could those terrible battle-scenes that have marked not only ever age and country, but every hamlet, every home, every human heart? All he had power to do was to create the conditions out of which character might be developed; that is, to establish codes of law or to reveal codes already established; to endow us with moral perceptions and grant us absolute freedom of choice. Simply the possibilities of virtue, not virtue itself, lay within the range of his creative energy. It

is only out of the exercise of free choice in the presence of temptation that our virtues ever have or ever can come. Now the question arises, Would not the drawing aside of the curtains of concealment, whose folds fall about us everywhere, remove all those temptations without which traits of character can never be evolved?

In that striking allegory of paradisiacal life given in Genesis, in which is vividly pictured the fall of our first parents, we find an affirmative answer. The devil dealt in subterfuge. The serpent, because of his universal repute for low cunning that courts concealment, is selected to carry on the fabled colloquy, and stands ever after throughout the sacred writings, until at last in Revelation he is represented as hurled chained into the bottomless pit, as the most fitting symbol of the satanic influence at work in the world. Suppose all hearts had been unveiled then and there; suppose Adam and Eve could have unraveled at once and completely the subtle sophistry suggested by their own appetites, passions, and propensities, and by the shrewd insinuations of the evil one; that they with unerring vision could have seen the final, fearful consequences of their disobedience; suppose the devil had been conscious that the baseness of his motives, the hollowness of his professions of friendship, the hurtful falsehoods in his assertions, were all laid bare; and, lastly, suppose that God's personal presence and full knowledge of what was going on, his utter abhor-

rence of sin and boundless sympathy and solicitude for these new occupants of his universe, had been fully revealed, think you the scene here described, or any similar one, could ever have occurred? The moment you unmask the devil you unnerve him. He can fight only under cover. Place the serpent at full length on bare ground, know that his only purpose is to stab with a poisoned dagger, have him ever at the front, be able to measure the length of his spring before he makes it, be cognizant of his murderous thought before he can carry it into execution, and he would be as harmless as any beast of the field. Let him know that he is ever shadowed by a sleepless eye, and, if he has a tithe of the shrewdness he is credited with, he would never spend his energies in a spring.

If we study carefully the scenes and dialogues of that wonderful drama the Book of Job, the oldest and profoundest poem known to literature, we will see how constantly in the plot was employed the element of mystery, how absolutely essential it was for the developing in the hero of that singular patience which some unknown Shakespeare of the Orient, prompted by a divine impulse, has here so masterfully portrayed. The devil is represented, you remember, as thrusting himself with cool effrontery into the presence of Jehovah while a company of angels was holding audience, as having spoken very sneeringly of the far famed piety of Job, and as having been allowed the free use of all

the destructive and tormenting forces in Nature for subjecting it to the severest tests his fertile fancy could devise. Robber bands, thunder-bolts, and cyclones strip Job of his possessions, death desolates his fireside, painful disease makes his burning body a burden, three black demons masked as consoling friends pour the poison of malign interpretation into his wounded sensibilities and basely attempt to befog his reason; to crown all, she who had shared his heart's riches and life's hopes, and in the happy years had borne to him the children whose freshly dug graves were still wet with his tears, she, the cherished wife of his bosom, had in his darkest hour turned tempter, calling on him to curse God and die.

Had every hiding curtain been torn from before the actors in this drama; had Job, his wife, his three professed friends, the sneering, mischief-loving imp, all seen eye to eye, all known each other's most secret thoughts; had Job been able to estimate this world's blessings at their true worth, to penetrate without reserve the secret purposes of Providence, to have continued in uninterrupted interchange of thought and sympathy with the now speechless dead; had the horizon of his conceptions and certain knowledge swept through all the buried past and to the furthest future—his patience would never have been thus tried, and without some such temptation he could never have attained that eminence of virtue for which he is now so justly famed.

In the narration of Christ's temptation we have pictured one of the great crises in his history. The incident is unquestionably cast in poetic mold, and for the drapery of the thought there has again been selected the favorite form of allegory. The underlying, essential truth can be readily discerned. The struggle was, as I regard it, an inner, mental one, which uniformly and necessarily arises in a young man's experiences as soon as he discovers himself the possessor of any valuable personal gifts. He is called to decide whether he shall use his endowments selfishly to appease appetite, promote pride, or procure power, or, rising superior to personal considerations, in a spirit of self-sacrifice, employ them in the work of a world's reclaim. Christ here must have been approached on the side of his human limitations; otherwise he was not, as is affirmed, tempted in all points as we are, and could never claim at our hands any meed of praise. He must have had the same imperfect mental vision, the same lack of experience, blinding propensities, short-sighted pride, and worldly ambition, together with the same moral discernment and freedom of will—yes, and the same sustaining grace vouchsafed every disciple. He stood apart only in this—that he maintained from the first an unswerving loyalty to his convictions of truth and duty.

It was surely a shrinking, sensitive human soul groping in the dark which wrestled in prayer through that last long night in Gethsemane. That

was no mock petition, "Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from me; nevertheless not my will but thine be done."

This scene presupposes two separate wills—one without compulsion submissive to the other; two separate intelligences—one in its range of vision, its depths of insight, superior to the other. If Christ had positively known there was no other way, if all curtains had been drawn from before his eyes, he would not again and again have groaned out this prayer with an agony so great as to cause beads of bloody sweat to redden his brow. He must have received in answer assurances from a higher source than his own unaided intellect to have achieved that conquering calm that so marked his conduct ever after—at the arrest, during the trial, amid desertions by friends, under taunts by the rabble, and at last through the humiliation and torture of his execution.

I question whether it was explained to Christ's human soul during those hours of passionate pleading precisely why human redemption could not be achieved except through his crucifixion, but am persuaded that his after-calm came by his having been assured by God that he had again through his earnest solicitation carefully reconsidered the whole question and could not devise any other way, and then by Christ's resting with absolute trust in the wisdom and tender love of the Father, he having brought himself to say without reserve, "Thy will be done." Thus as-

sured and thus resigned, he rose from his knees a victor.

How oppressive and profound must have been the life long loneliness of Christ! For how many years he endured the monotony, fatigue, privation, and obscurity of an ordinary artisan in a little quiet country town! Neighbors passed him in the street, bartered with him in the bazaar, hired him at his trade, talked over with him the ordinary news and passing interests of the neighborhood—even his brothers met him daily in the more intimate relationships of the home circle—and never once the faintest suspicion crossed the mind of any one of them that there was here something more than a plain, plodding artisan; that there were ripening here mental gifts and an impregnable moral purpose that were destined to place their possessor in the forefront of all the ages.

Christ must have frequently felt the restlessness of genius; there must have crossed his thoughts frequent foreshadowings of his strange destiny. It is not disclosed in the record precisely when his human soul entered into that mystic union with Divinity which is plainly recognizable in the utterances and acts of his public ministry. For aught we know, he may during those long formative years have awakened into a divine consciousness.

Whether this divine nature, and the consciousness of it by the human, came then or later, we may rightly admire and wonder at his power of

self-repression; for, whichever was true, his human will must always have been as free as ours. The closely folded spirit-wings never once rent apart the coarse coat of the carpenter; the ineffable spirit-glory never suffused the weather-beaten face of this unpretending young man at Nazareth. He plodded on, week in and week out, year in and year out, until a day came at whose close he shut down for the last time the lid of his tool chest, and for the last time swung behind him his shop door. But though his private artisan career was thus forever ended, and during the next three years wondering multitudes became witnesses of his miracles of power, hung breathless on his eloquent utterances of living truth, thrilled to the mighty heart beat of his matchless love, yet the world comprehended him not. He never was without the discipline of being maligned by his enemies, even of being misunderstood by his nearest friends. He without doubt could have made a self-revelation so unmistakable that even Pharisees and scribes would have been struck dumb and misinterpretation been forever at an end. Now and then, on special occasions for a brief moment, one corner of the hiding curtain was lifted. The money changers who fled so precipitately from the court of the temple, the Roman soldiers who came with Judas to take Christ, must have caught a glimpse in the Master's countenance of a mysterious something that filled them with blank dismay. His disciples thought they saw a

spirit when during that night of tempest he walked toward them on the foam-capped waves of Lake Gennesaret and issued to the warring elements his mandate of peace. Peter, James, and John were filled with wondering and worshiping awe when on the mount he stood one rapt moment in the glory of his transfiguration. But he knew well that such revelations must be extremely rare or the purposes of his mission could never be accomplished. Christ, while he was God manifested in the flesh, was also God concealed. Both the manifestation and the concealment were but partial, and necessarily so. Had Christ dwelt among men with his divinity completely unmasked, slavish fear would at once have dominated every heart. As well shut up a man's body in a vacuum and expect it to thrive as thrust his soul into the immediate unveiled presence of its God. Infringe upon its freedom, and it becomes a characterless machine. Expose its delicate petals of moral attribute to the full noonday glare of a Divine presence, and they at once would shrivel into remediless death under the fierce furnace heat. God has acted seemingly in constant recognition of this truth in his dealings with the human race through all the centuries. His revelation in providence and in the inspired Word has been very far from complete, he increasing the light only so fast as we could bear it and still be free.

In Christ's experiences we find our own reflected. Similar opportunities for self-repression

and self-assertion are afforded us by this wide-reaching plan of concealment, and it rests with us to determine what the result shall be. We have come into the world charged each with a divine commission, and if we be earnest and true we too will be straitened until it be accomplished. God has woven for us in those marvelous looms of his, whose noiseless shuttles never rest, curtains of every conceivable variety of pattern and texture and closeness of thread. To succeed in drawing these aside, to reveal to others our inner selves, for which God had with far-reaching purposes implanted in every one of us an insatiable longing, will demand a resolute mastery of many a difficulty which has by himself or through his sufferance been thrust in our way. The careers of those who have left the impress of their individuality on the activities and achievements of their age in the department of thought or action are full of striking illustrations of this truth. Bodily defects have been overcome; stammering tongues made eloquent; weak voices strong; indistinct articulation clear; sensitive nerves unflinching and feeble muscles firm and hard as bands of steel. Mental diffusiveness and inattention have been changed into protracted concentration, a treacherous memory into a retentive and ready one, deficient observation into alertness, and sluggish sensibilities kindled into intensest fervor. The mysteries and difficulties in Nature, as well as the more formidable hindrances of sickness and poverty, preju-

dice and jealous hate and cruel accusation, have been mastered by many a heroic soul; constitutional dread of intruding and of meeting rebuff overcome; dangers, open and covert, braved; the alienation of misconceiving friends borne with a patient sorrow; death itself faced in quivering agony of nerve and heart-break on crosses of shame in a passionate longing for utterance and final recognition.

Firmness and courage and faith and all-conquering love are thus demanded and developed. Earth has no grander sight than that of some nobly aspiring soul waiting with sweet Christian resignation and confiding hope some far-off age, and, if need be, some other world for kindred souls to see it as it is.

Through lack of self-knowledge and of world-knowledge we are often led to aspire in this life for what we can never attain. But our unselfish aspirations are the patent of our nobility, evidences of divine sonship. They outlast the grave, and I doubt not will find embodiment and uncurtaining in the promised by and by. Our duty now and here is to labor and to wait.

“Serene I fold my hands and wait,
Nor fret at wind or tide or sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time and fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.”

Not only are others in great part hidden from us and we from them, but we soon discover how

little we know even of our own selves. In our hours of introspective thought we seem to be wandering through the vast galleries of some spiritual Mammoth Cave deeply sunk from the sun's glare and the deafening din of the thronged avenues of this world's life. On and on with dimly lighted torches we cautiously feel our way, gallery opening into gallery in seemingly endless succession. In our farthest, most daring explorations into the hidden recesses of our own personality we still hear the murmurings of far-away waters as they flow through their secret channels off into the unknown dark. We draw back in wonderment and heartfelt fear. It is in these solemn seasons of self-searching we are taught self-distrust and Divine dependence. It is in some one of these mental and moral awakenings we in holy, childlike trust at last sink down into the Everlasting Arms.

Thus in countless ways God curtains our spirits and delegates countless hands to hold the curtains down, while at the same time he implants within us countless impulses to draw them up. Out of the ceaseless struggle thus incited there is unfolded human virtue, the bright consummate flower of human life.

Of course until the soul has been fully perfected thus through suffering and struggle it will still be inclosed within these closely folded curtains of concealment. The mere incident of physical death can not change those modes of moral evo-

lution which during all the ages past till now have characterized God's plan. I fail to see not only any need for such change, but even any possibility of it, for the necessity as well as the conditions of moral growth must remain essentially the same. As long as any virtue of the germinal soul remains but partially developed and there is still manifested any impulse for growth toward the true and the good, there will unquestionably be provided somewhere similar environment suited to its needs. God will never cease to strive with any soul until either through its own unyielding perverseness it finally destroys all its moral susceptibilities, and through the immutable laws of spiritual development sinks down into sluggish brute existence or below it, or else through its own nobler longings of love, proved and purified in the fierce furnace fires of affliction, it is lit up at last with the revealing light of God's infinite love, transformed into his likeness and made sharer in his life.

It is these two widely contrasted states of spirituality that are properly denominated hell and heaven. It is into one or the other of them every soul inevitably develops through this great law of evolution under which science says the whole creation moves. And from before every soul as it advances toward one or the other of these two destinies all-hiding curtains will gradually be rolled away. Those who, through their perverse disobedience to the powers above them, will have become

enslaved to those below and have gradually lost their sovereignty over self and the surroundings of self, will find, with a chill of utter horror, that the very weakening of their vitality has widened the rents in the curtains of their concealment, as their bodies will bear the unmistakable imprint, despite all they can do, of their ever-deepening degradation. In vain, then, will they call on the rocks and the hills to cover them. It is on these very sin-distorted bodies of theirs God's recording angels will write their sentences of doom! Those, on the other hand, who attain unto a perfect liberty through obedience to God's perfect law will find, greatly to their surprise and delight, after the discipline of struggle is ended, that through their increase of sovereign vitality their bodies will cease to be any longer either prison houses or closely-curtained apartments through which their souls can but dimly look out or the world look in. This more and more perfect revelation of the inner life which we thus see is inevitably to result in the carrying out of this great plan of evolution, will eventuate at the last in a permanent separation of the two classes, for we all then shall see face to face, shall know even as we are known. We shall find ourselves greatly assisted in our attempts to realize what marked changes will be wrought in these bodies when our spirits come into full vitalizing control over them if we keep in mind that all their present defects are simply due to a present lack of such control. There is nothing more

clearly taught in Nature than that there is in every one of us a divine ideal, our personal peculiar gift, with germinal impulses for unfolding; that its present forbidding environment is designed to serve simply as means for moral discipline and growth; that whatever is suited simply for this probationary period will be eliminated when no longer serviceable; that the body will be changed to suit its new uses; that as at first it was designed chiefly to develop, but afterward, when probation is ended, simply to bring to light the inner life of the soul and promptly and perfectly to do its bidding, a most glorious transfiguration, through purely increased vitalization may be looked for. Not only may we confidently expect to have removed all defects of contour or of expression by color or carriage, all distortion or grossness of feature, all marring or maiming through disease, or accident, or age, or care-burden, or racial or family ties, or any former evil habit—any peculiarity, in short, that is not a part of the original divine ideal but rather an outcome of some untoward circumstance or the temporary requirement of some exigency in God's school of moral discipline—not only may we expect such defects to be removed, but we may also and with even brighter anticipation expect all the lineaments and expressions of face and form, all intonations of voice, all flitting shades of color, all outward gleamings from the eye, all words from the lips, to be soulful, soul-illumined, the very impersona-

tion of spiritual spontaneity. What glad surprises will greet us then! What glad deliverances! What glorious revelations of emotion and motive! No more estrangements through misunderstandings; no more heartburn; no longer any lack of true appreciation, any timid reaching out of homesick souls longing for love; no more stammering, awkward, half utterances of thoughts that burn within like a consuming fire; no more forced unions or separations; no more temptings to sinful self-seeking, for in the white light of this final revelation of soul to soul, in which the very first inceptions of sin would be uncovered to every eye, all incentives to sin would become impossible. Christ prophesied with profoundest wisdom when he said: "They shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand." There will be safety—absolute, eternal safety—when, after the ordeal of fire, from before all ransomed souls all curtains of concealment will have rolled away.

But the query naturally arises, How shall we be able to recognize again, after such a change, our old companions and loved ones on the earth? How will the mother ever know again in that land of light the babe which, through a few brief months of joy, she so tenderly pressed to her heart, and then, with streaming eyes, saw pass away as mysteriously as it came? How will the lonely orphan ever know again the long-lost mother of blessed memory, whose locks were silvered and form bent in anxious, loving care before God's

messenger came and bade her lay her burden down? These recognitions may take place through this same superior vitalizing power which the soul at last shall have attained, being able, as was Christ after his resurrection, to make his body appear the exact fac-simile of the old one, so that neither Thomas nor any of his other disciples might ever doubt, even in their darkest hours, that they had seen the risen Lord; or this recognition may be effected through that same indefinable spiritual impressment which seems to be the inalienable birthright of every soul. We all have felt its mysterious influence many times in our lives. Some of us have noted how, after many years of separation, during which most radical changes have taken place through advancing age and new surroundings, after sorrow and care have wrought their terrible havoc, all at once, through something said or done, some look or tone, or something subtler still, the old feelings of intimacy are again rekindled, every barrier of strangeness vanishing instantly, as if touched by the wand of a master magician.

By this wide-reaching plan of concealment there have been afforded not only fields for thought and possibilities for virtue, as I have attempted to show, but also occasions and capacities for joy. If we will carefully examine this, the third and last use to which this plan has, by a divine wisdom, been made serviceable, we will gain still deeper prophetic insight into the changes to be wrought,

through the all-prevailing law of evolution, in human destinies in the life beyond. I ask you again to note how I restrict myself in the depicting of what will be to simply the logical outcome of those purposes of God already clearly disclosed and partially consummated through past centuries, predicating my predictions on the belief that he will continue to work along the self-same lines which have thus far marked the ongoings of his providence, for surely we are safe in saying that he will complete what he has, age after age, with seemingly inexhaustible patience and pains-taking, carried thus far forward.

Mysteries are everywhere. There is not a moment in life when we do not feel a touch upon the shoulder and hear whispered to us in the air, "Come and see." Mankind are all seekers, and "I have found it!" is the ever-rising shout of the world's joy. Curiosity is the thirst of the mind. It is universal, deep-seated, commanding. So surcharged are we with it that a watchful and wise control is in constant requisition to prevent its tyrannizing over the faculties. Means for its gratification are apparently inexhaustible. Scientists, notwithstanding all their ingenious instruments of search, their indefatigable and trained industry, their carefully planned subdivision of labor, find, after busy centuries, that there are still outlying fields of unexplored thought and fountains of untasted pleasure. Neither telescopes nor microscopes have yet re-

vealed to us any bounds to God's universe. We have discovered nebulæ so sunk in space that their rays of light before they reached us, though flying twelve million miles a minute, were detained on the road thousands of years. The spectro-scope detects the presence of the one hundred and eighty millionth part of a grain of soda; the microscope has disclosed "in a bit of brain tissue one might hold on the point of a needle wonderful grouping of cells and lines of communicating fibers which rival in their adaptations and perfectness the order and rhythm of the heavens." A cerebral cell must indeed be infinitesimal if in the gray matter of every brain there are, as distinguished mathematicians assure us, from one to three thousand millions.

Creation is also so many-sided that it attracts people of every taste and endowment and degree of culture. In its interpretation the dull and unlettered, as well as the world's mental magnates, find refreshment and solace and uplifting power. Differently constituted minds and the same minds in different moods approach Nature with differently revealing capabilities, and derive from their search a different pleasure. God has lifted just enough of the curtain to pique our curiosity, placed just enough difficulties in the way of our getting full view to call out all our resources, and in so doing has provided for our being in the best possible mood to thrill with the revelation, our faculties and feelings being all enkindled, our ap-

preciative powers at the full, our whole nature on the lookout, roused as by a trumpet call. The anticipation of discovery is the incentive; the uncurtaining is the rich reward. There is joy in the shock of the surprise, the thing sought for bursting on the mind in sudden and dazzling splendor. The more keenly the appetite is whetted by long search, the more exquisite the joy at the uncurtaining.

There will never be but little of this world's scenic wealth of beauty and of grandeur actually revealed to the bodily eyes of the vast majority of mankind. There are only a favored few who have the leisure or means for extensive travel, and they are too apt to be those who, through fatal lack of natural or acquired gifts, can but grope in mental blindness along earth's ocean beaches, under its Italian skies, or among its Alps and Apennines, its Yosemite and Yellowstone Parks, and Colorado Canons. Yet Nature has not been left without worthy witnesses and interpreters; her landscapes and sea-scenes and sky-glories have been transferred to the printed page or the painted canvas, and the human mind has been endowed with marvelous conceptual power,—a power to picture to itself what has been described by another, so that our literatures and galleries of art become magic windows through which the whole world is brought into view, and not only the world of today, but of yesterday, yes, of yester-age. The past pageantries

and peoples of earth brighten and breathe in our very presence. Thus, for our enjoyment, not only from all lands, but from all the centuries are the curtains lifted.

And so, too, the wondrous sights that have been unveiled to scientists we make our own. We can see in our mental sky, through the object glass of Imagination's great refractor, Saturn with her attendant moons, her luminous rings, and her rainbow-dyed mantle of woven light. We can see through Imagination's microscope the perfect mechanical contrivances, the intricate yet nicely adjusted parts, the regal decorations of those marvelously minute atoms of animate matter so full of astounding evidences of a divine handiwork.

We have even greater revealing power granted us, adding still further to our refined and permanent pleasure. We have visions of what eyes of flesh, however aided by artificial lenses, have never seen and never will. We can by this grand faculty of fancy, when furnished with the conclusions of comparative anatomy and cognate sciences, witness earth as it passes through its geologic eons of fire, and cosmic storm, and earthquake shock, and grinding glacier; we can watch the rise and fall of the ancient dynasties of vegetable and animal life; we can see the taming of Nature's elemental forces, the purifying of its atmospheric currents, the establishing of its great outline of continent and river-basin and

mountain-chain and ocean-bed, the preparation of its soils, its quarries of rock, mines of metal and beds of coal, and the softening and beautifying of its land and water-scenery under the molding hand of Jehovah, that earth may at the last become man's fit dwelling place.

We are more privileged still. From centuries yet to be the curtains have by inspired prophecy been partially drawn aside under the promptings of an infinite kindness, in order that while on their way through this vale of tears "the young men may see visions and the old men may dream dreams."

Noble as are the intellectual pleasures that thus come from the uncurtaining of Nature's phenomena and of her systems of law, profound as is the enthusiasm of experimenters in science and all searchers after truth, nobler pleasures and profounder enthusiasm animate those who enter Nature's vast arcanum, not simply inquiringly, but in a deeply reverent mood, who recognize in their discoveries revelations of a divine plan, ushering them with distinguished privilege into the felt presence of a personal God; who regard phenomena as the crystallized thoughts of some great organizing mind, and study with ever-increasing interest the displays of a Creator's exhaustless resources of invention, the manifestations of his power, and the unfolding through the ages of that grand ideal of his which in its final embodiment must bear the marks of his own infinitude and perfection.

Even such exalted pleasures and enthusiasm as come through the opening of this mental commerce between earth and sky, between man and God, are still further enhanced so soon as men discern that these thoughts expressed in phenomena are not the idle play of a self-amusing intellect, but the outpourings of a beneficent heart. But the most satisfying pleasure and most exalted enthusiasm are reserved for those who, emboldened through the longings of their loneliness for closer, tenderer ties, draw aside with a humble, chastened confidence, the veil whose folds fall before the Holy of Holies in the great temple of Nature and see above the mercy seat, not the broken outlines of a cloud made luminous by the awful presence of Jehovah, but the clear, speaking face and the outstretched, welcoming arms of their own loving Father.

Profoundly as we enjoy thus uncurtaining for ourselves what is without, we as profoundly enjoy uncurtaining to others what is within. In health we follow the promptings of deeply-seated social instincts. Sympathy is our vital air. He who is anchorite from choice gives evidence of serious mental lesion. A very large share of our waking hours and busy thoughts are devoted to self-revelation. We take the greatest delight in discovering to others who we are, our tastes, aptitudes, accomplishments, opinions, trials and triumphs, longings and cherished ideals. We have given to us many avenues of communication. Articulate

speech, intonations of voice, postures, gestures, and gait, blushing and blanched cheeks, sunny and flashing eyes, smiling and curled lips, open and knit brows—these are some of the upliftings from our souls of their fleshy curtains. We also make ourselves known in our personal attire, style of our house, grounds, and equipage, in our choice of business or profession, in our methods of work, and in our intimate companionships. The pleasures thus derived brighten and bless every human life. But although we are thus so richly endowed with self-revealing power, and have found in its exercise such varied delight as is witnessed by the world's social gatherings, extensive libraries, art galleries, and architecture, vocal and organ harmonies, impassioned oratory, military and commercial triumphs, and ingenious utilizations of matter and force through all its countless industries, yet with these many ways of lifting the curtain from the soul there has never yet lived a person, how fortunate so-ever in opportunity or gift of utterance either in words or works, but has felt deep disappointment at the incompleteness of the revelation.

With most of us there are serious hindrances to a personal unveiling to be met with in our surroundings and in the imperfections of the flesh in which we are incased. How few are masters of their circumstances, are freed from the corroding drudgery, the dwarfing routine of the toil necessary to secure subsistence, of toil sadly unsuited

either to tastes or aptitude! How many gifted souls have been deprived of that peculiar concurrence of circumstances needed to call out and employ their peculiar powers! Some geniuses, like Cromwell, or Grant, or Toussaint L'Ouverture, who was a slave till fifty, are æolian harps of such massive strings that they remain mute of music until swept by some tempest blast of war, while others are so delicately, ethereally built that they answer in melody of rarest sweetness to the fairy touch of summer zephyrs, but are shattered so soon as the wind be risen but a little. Upon how many rests also the incubus of disease or of a bewildering fancy! How many are hampered by loss or impairment of bodily organs and inborn defects of temperament, and by pernicious early training! How many have their individuality obscured by limitations of race, caste, climate, widely prevailing religious or social errors, or by the heavy iron hand of tyranny! We pass through this life, and finally pass out of it nobly longing for recognition, yet profoundly conscious that not only from the general public but even from bosom friends much of our real selves is yet concealed, that our essential personality still lies in shadow. This marked incompleteness in this, the crowning work of God's creation, is in such contrast with the infinite perfection which the trained eyes of scientists have found everywhere alike in the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms below us, that it stands in

my mind as Nature's sure word of prophecy that there has been prepared for us another, larger life beyond. This wide plan of concealment is, as I have endeavored to show, most admirably fitted for a probation period, for the preliminary developing first years of our existence; but if death ends all, then this plan is a terrible failure, a cruel mockery, a discord where we should look for an outburst of the grandest harmony.

Not only does our sense of the eternal fitness of things thus suggest a life to come, but there are, as I have already suggested, strong intimations in Nature and Revelation affording us glimpses of what that life will be. Prominent among its characteristics must be that of a grand uncurtaining. Here recur to us again the words of prophecy: "The city," that resplendent celestial city John saw in the far-away land of the soul, "had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it, for the glory of God did lighten it. . . The gates of it shall not be shut at all by day, for there shall be no night there." Its inhabitants "shall see God's face, and his name shall be in their foreheads. . . . The Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign for ever and ever."

St. Paul says: "Now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face: Now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known." All that is gross and imperfect and perishable, all that is opaque, that lacks transmitting power, will be purged away.

Once in a while, even in this world, a strange white light has been seen to shine out on the human countenance, a sort of saintly radiance. Joseph Cook in his lectures has called special attention to this. Some of us have perhaps witnessed it. It probably betokens a signal victory in some great spiritual crisis. The glory of the soul seems so to fill the temple that it blazes out through its curtained windows. It may have been this that so lit the face of Moses when he came down the side of Sinai, and of Stephen as his life went out in that storm of blind frenzy, which, through Saul, had burst on the heads of the Christians, and of Christ himself as he walked on the sea or stood on the mount at midnight glistening with transfiguring light. The thought suggests itself again, as it did when we were considering another phase of this question, that even now a spiritual body lies concealed within the natural, and that this is what we see during these times of crisis. A like double commission seems, as remarked before, to be intrusted to all insect life. This change of bodies we call metamorphosis, and the departure extends not only to the structure of the parts, but to the character of the instincts as well, and often to the nature of the habitat. A similar plan is noticeable even throughout the vegetable kingdom. One is especially struck with it as he watches the opening of the petals of a night-blooming cereus. For months and years a specimen of this species of cactus will pass a

very ordinary, monotonous existence until, at some mysterious command, some talismanic touch, a minute bud will start out on the edge of one of its long, leathery leaves; that bud will lengthen into a tendril, and on the end of that tendril will unfold during the hours of a single evening one of the most elaborately wrought floral products in all Nature. So with us, two germinal impulses may, for aught we know, have been inclosed in one envelope.

We have occasional intimations of having in reserve means of spiritual commerce which our present surroundings prevent our using. There are many authentic instances on record, a few of which I have given on preceding pages, of minds interchanging thought, though sitting in mute meditation, and sometimes, though divided by the breadth of a continent. Over what wires these telegrams of souls are flashed none know; that they are actually sent, even cautious men of science concede. Under certain conditions, mysterious as yet, the curtains of the flesh are lifted. We also have had the long-forgotten past brought suddenly into view. Persons who have been at the point of drowning relate experiences of this sort, the multitudinous scenes of a lifetime starting up simultaneously out of their graves as at the trumpet call of some angel of the resurrection. And then, too, what wonders have we seen wrought under the laws of suggestion! We are in enchanted chambers where words falling care-

lessly from the lips touch springs to hidden doors, smiles playing about the face light up frescoed walls, and simplest sounds are echoed into touching harmonies.

There is surely a great day coming when all hearts will stand revealed. To some it will be a day of shame and contempt, to others a day of glad deliverance, of long-looked-for recognition. Are any of you under the shadow of a great sorrow? Has the curtain of death hidden from sight the face of a loved one? Are any worried and weighed down by heavy loads of care, by the friction of uncongenial toil? Do any feel hampered by untoward circumstances? Is the white light of your souls dulled or discolored by its imperfect transmission through these thick walls of clay? Have any been wronged by misconception, isolated, walled out from the appreciative sympathy of those whose esteem you crave? Wait. Wait with Christian confidence and constancy and content, with hearts kept warm with Christian love, with hands kept busy with Christian work; wait that great, glad day when from before each soul's inmost life of emotion and motive all hiding curtains will be rolled away.

I have taken pains, as you have no doubt observed, to base my predictions as to the nature of the life beyond on the seemingly safe assumptions that God in completing his ideal will continue to follow along those two main lines of evolution which have thus far marked the ongoings

of his providence—namely, the uncurtaining and the unfettering of all spirits which bear his image and will consent to come under the molding power of his love. These two phases of evolution, science,—science not only of physics but of metaphysics as well as of personal and national history,—has unmistakably brought to light, and in the facts and underlying laws and principles established by it, it has afforded us not dim intimations merely, but clear and certain signs of prophecy as to what man in his threefold nature is destined to become. I have already attempted to point out what will be the final outcome of the processes of uncurtaining. I now ask you to consider the results of unfettering. This last purpose in providence is as definitely marked as the first, is as full of privilege, of promise, and of power. As these lines of evolution frequently and intimately interlace, it is sometimes difficult to keep them separate in our thoughts. As I have in discussing the question “Was Christ Divine?” attempted to show Christ’s place in Nature and the indispensableness of his influence to the healthful growth of the soul, and dwelt with considerable fulness on the true nature and source of liberty, I will content myself here with simply outlining what I there elaborate into argument and analysis.

The only way to set Nature’s forces free is, as we have seen, to fulfill certain fixed conditions, for they are all placed under inexorable laws from which they have neither power nor disposi-

tion to free themselves, and we have no power to free them. They work under divine commissions to divine ends. To free a force, then, is not to release it from law but from what prevents it from acting in strictest obedience to it. The same holds true not alone in the inorganic kingdom, but in the organic, where life-forces master and mold those mysterious atoms we call matter. Chemical combinations, for instance, follow undeviating mathematical formulæ, and the germ-forces of both vegetable and animal life work their wonders only when provided with a precisely fitting and predetermined environment.

The promptings of instinct are also as methodic, as much under Divine control, as reflective of Divine thought, as peremptory in their demands for prompt and full obedience. To break away from them is not to come into larger liberty, but to tighten the chains and ultimately to destroy the life of the organism which they were designed at the first to build up and maintain.

We find, too, in mental activities as rigid regularity as that prevailing among chemic, crystalline, or vital forces, thoughts being generated as methodically under laws of association and suggestion as thunder-bolts are forged and hurled from the sky, salt atoms crystallized, or bodies of the birds formed within the walls of eggs, our will power being effective only in holding and directing the attention. Even the highest form of force—the spiritual—manifested in affections, aspira-

tions, purposes, and far-reaching hopes, we find are at the first but germinal and lie dormant until there is a compliance with certain fixed conditions, when their fetters fall and they begin under the laws of spiritual assimilation through the quickening influence of sunbeams of sympathy to grow into the permanent moral traits of the soul.

There have also been established regular gradations of force throughout Nature's realms, rank rising above rank in a determinate series, and so we discover that a force if it would keep free after having once been set free must both obtain absolute mastery over all the forces below it and yield implicit obedience to all above. This is the universal law of Divine harmony. Its infringement in the life of the body, the organizing vital force losing its grasp over the mechanic and chemic, results in debilitating diseases, marred symmetries of form and graces of motion, maimings, dulled senses and sensibilities, and at last the full tyranny of death; in the life of the intellect, the will failing to direct and hold the attention, in wayward fancies, disordered reasonings, idle, incoherent day-dreaming, or relentless monomania; in the life of the soul, the angels of better impulse and aspiration succumbing to the devils of base and selfish desire, in all those countless spiritual disasters and despotisms which have so darkened human history and at times even threatened to engulf utterly the very hopes of the human race.

As the soul at birth is necessarily characterless,

possessing simply innocence, and, through its gifts of freedom of choice and moral discernment, possessing a capacity for virtue, and as virtue can be the outcome only of growth through protracted struggle with temptation and victory over it, God, in order to develop in man his own moral image, was compelled to place him in an environment of disciplinary influences, to house him in just such a body and in just such a world as we find, to bring him into such close and constant relation with the forces about him that he must become ultimately either their master or slave. The danger was imminent, but indispensable. Of course, until the work of character-building is finally finished, discipline will be needed, and this contest will continue. But when this work is done, the soul purified and perfected, there will ensue a complete change of environment. The spirit will doubtless still be linked with matter, will have a body, but a body so vitalized that it will no longer wall it in with prison dampness and shadow, but will be to it round about as a lordly pleasure-house, a palatial home, a body freed from weakness and all forms of disease, from distortions and impediments and present limitations of use, a body with multiplied powers, with enlarged outlook, having all grossness, all infelicities, all vestiges of incompleteness, forever purged away. It will cease not only to curtain the soul, but to imprison it.

There is no reason for believing that the human

spirit will ever cease its intellectual activities or attain unto a completeness of knowledge or of thought-power. Its mental horizon will doubtless ever widen as the years go by; its comprehension of God's thought as it is embodied in his works, and will fall from his lips, will become ever deeper and more true. But he will be freed from the trammels of this but half-living flesh, from the trammels of indifference and inattention, of superstitious fear and prejudice and pride of opinion and selfish ambition that so handicap his every effort now.

The question meets us here, When will this complete unfettering come? I would answer, not until the spirit has, through the discipline of suffering and struggle, attained permanently the attitude of full consecration and devout trust. Not until then will we, or can we, enter that far-away heaven of our longings and our hopes, where all care-burdens are lifted and sorrows cease, where, uncurtained and fetter-free, we forever take loving counsel together and walk with God. Heaven is not simply a place into which souls are ushered straightway after death, but a far-off, final stage of spiritual evolution into which we may gradually grow, after a long and desperate struggle, if we will. God can gift us with moral discernment, crown us with sovereignty, provide schools of discipline, throw around us the arms of his infinite love, proffer us his sustaining grace, urge and aid us by his provi-

dences, his written Word, and the incomparable life of his Son, but there necessarily end alike his responsibility and his power, for the evolution of character, the determining of ultimate spiritual destiny, can be the fruit only of the untrammelled choices of the soul. Heaven is simply that bliss of peace which Christ left as his last legacy of love, a peace battle-born and battle-tested, into the inheritance of which no spirit can enter until, after being fully tried, its last fetter falls, its permanent state becoming that of full consecration and devout trust. We little appreciate what marked changes we must still undergo to reach this spiritual development or realize that only thus we can secure that largest liberty under law which is the purposed consummation of that vast scheme of evolution inaugurated and thus far forwarded by Divine love as revealed first in Christianity's Record, and now, with added emphasis, in the widest generalization yet reached in scientific thought.

There has been, as I have already remarked, a constant progress through the centuries from the simple to the complex, from a uniform sameness of material atoms to a radical diversity of spiritual gifts. A self-conscious, absolutely distinct personality, possessed of both intellectual and moral discernment, is the very crown of God's creation. So evidently is this the final end aimed at in this law of evolution, the most advanced scientists and philosophers are coming to recognize

the fact that to the forming of each separate soul God has given his direct personal attention, that a distinct ideal of his is wrapped up in each spiritual germ, an absolutely unique combination of boundless possible powers, and that it is to the healthful unfolding of these very embryo possibilities of personality he has directed all the resources of an infinite love. For the securing of this unfolding there must be present eventually an environment of the very largest healthful liberty. The political and religious persecutions that have so darkened and disgraced human history show how sadly mistaken hitherto have been the world's conceptions of Divine purposes, and how utterly futile any attempt to stay the on-goings of this mighty tide of Divine progress. Mankind have at last, after unutterable sorrow, been led to see how true this is, so that to-day there is throughout Christendom a fuller, freer growth of individuality than ever before in both church and state, and liberty is now so far advanced that we need no longer have any fear that government, ecclesiastical or political, "of the people, for the people, and by the people," will ever "perish from the earth."

The belief is rapidly gaining ground that Divine inspiration in our individual lives should be looked for chiefly along the lines of our individual tastes and aptitudes, and that our special gifts are indices of our divine commissions, tokens of God's particular personal attention to each one of

us, revelations of his will, and prophecies of our to-morrow. We may for purposes of discipline be hemmed in by hindrances now, but they will pass, and we need simply to wait, not in despondency or in idleness, but in consecration and with a patient trust. We are having an ever-widening outlook. Eternity is now being projected into clearer view, is clothed with greater certitude, and we can live more completely in its light and under its power than ever before. We should look forward with unshaken confidence to ultimate and permanent victory, being content to abide God's time, and feeling assured God's time will come. Christ in his human nature had to let go every earthly prospect, taste in anticipation the bitterness of desertion, consent to surrender himself into the hands of murderous hate, and pass through the deepest valley of humiliation before attaining to that deep peace which he chose for his disciples in that hour of tender parting as the richest legacy of his love. Indeed, in no other way, in the very nature of the case, is this peace possible, for it comes, and can come only, from most perfect spiritual liberty, and this is always proportionate to the degree of consecration and of trust. Not until we can say in Love's full self-surrender, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him," are we free from the bondage of fear or care or discontent, of pride or envy, of passion or prejudice, or any of the thousand and one enslavements whose galling fetters it has so often

felt. This state of the soul, instead of dampening its ardors or lessening its activities, will foster them continually; its selfhood, being thus halloed, not hampered, will ever act out healthily and heartily to noble ends and to assured success. Love as an incentive has never known an equal, and never will. The higher and purer it is the greater will be its impelling power. If now and then the soul's plans fail, it feels confident that other and better ones will take their place, apparent present defeats being regarded as precursors of coming victories. Its plans formed while in this state broaden out into eternity. Its individuality enters upon a freer, sounder development, for it is now looked at as a part, and a very essential part, of the Divine guiding, and its cultivation a sacred duty. This complete unfettering, the second great end aimed at in evolution, is clearly within the reach of every human soul. Christ's life and legacy prove this. His life shows that it was certainly within his own reach. This all concede,—infidel as well as believer. If he was simply a man, then a mere man has reached it. If God as well as man, then in the words of his bequest we have the promise of the power; for surely he would not in cruel mockery leave to his disciples in that most solemn hour, full of the tenderest farewells, as the last token of his love, that which he knew they had no capacity to incorporate into their own lives and character. But happily we are not shut up to a

course of reasoning to convince ourselves of this, but may see its transcendent truth gloriously incarnated in those transfigured lives which have so brightened and blessed the centuries since his advent. I might fill my pages with their recital, for there never has been an age in which God was left without a witness.

“What are these which are arrayed in white robes . . . These are they which came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God and he shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst, neither shall the sun light on them . . . For the Lamb shall feed them and lead them unto living fountains of water and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.”

It will be noted that only a carefully selected company are here referred to by the mystic seer of the Apocalypse. This is what on careful reflection we would expect, for the vast mass of mankind will in this life have passed through but the preliminary stages of character-building, and a long, severe course of discipline will still await them. As I have formerly remarked, all that God has power to bestow upon any human soul are possibilities or capacities for moral growth, and an indispensable disciplinary environment. The evolutionary process must still go on, extending through hundreds, perhaps thousands of years for some, depending upon the rate of progress,

the advantages appreciated and utilized; but in which one of the countless circling worlds of God's universe this probationary period will be spent is not disclosed, the disciplinary environment, however, must necessarily remain essentially the same, the gates of the Celestial City will not be passed, the hiding curtain fully lifted or the final fetter fall until the spirit has been perfected through suffering and peril and deferred hope and sorely tried self-abnegation, and has thus attained unto a state of complete, loving self-surrender and confiding trust. When however, the process of spiritual evolution will have ended at last, as it must end sometime, when the robes of the souls have been made white, cleansed from every stain, then the predictions bodied forth in this rapt vision will for all such ransomed ones have come true. They, too, as here typified will enter in through the gates, will stand before the Throne in the privileged, veritable, visible presence of Jehovah and he "will dwell among them," the long-fought battle will have ended, an eternal peace, a rapturous, radiant joy begun. Under these glowing poetic symbols, taken in view of recorded facts in human history we are encouraged to anticipate, as I interpret it, that some startling changes are to take place in that far away home of the soul, that all finally redeemed spirits will experience not only surcease of sorrow, but intimate intercourse of thought with God himself, involving a never-ending intel-

lectual delight, an ever-unfolding faculty and insight, the privilege of actually looking into our Heavenly Father's very face, feeling the kindly kindling light of his eyes, hearing the winning tones of his voice and being thrilled by the articulate utterances that will actually fall from his lips, all further necessity for concealment having ceased.

Many will doubtless condemn this view as a too literal, a wholly unwarranted interpretation of an oriental, poetic extravaganza. Let us see.

In the first place, this is not the long discarded ancient pagan conception of deity and destiny, for the gods of mythology were represented as being prompted by the same low ambitions, petty jealousies, ungoverned appetites and passions that debased human souls and ate like a cancer into the heart of human society. It is rather that view which permeates the whole Bible revelation, exalting our ideal, presenting us with pictures of a majestic personal Being measurably within the grasp of our finite conceptions possessing matchless purity, the tenderest of fatherly sympathy, infinite wisdom, sovereign power. The conception is anthropomorphic in this regard, that it presents God as having a personality like our own only enlarged, and purified and perfected, affirming that we have been created in his image, that we have been gifted with the same attributes, that as the years and eons go by we shall, under the resistless, never-ceasing processes of evolution,

of spiritual assimilation, grow more and more into his likeness, attain unto an ever closer, more loving relationship with himself. When we attempt to go farther than this, to affirm of God a nature wholly unlike our own, unconditioned, as is the tendency today in our philosophies, and some so-called systems of science, and even schools of theology, we at once get into a hopeless confusion of thought, a jugglery of words, trying to depict a being absolutely inconceivable, about whom no longing human heart can cling, whom no aspiring human soul can worship, simply because no human intellect can conceive. If God is without form, simply an immensity-filling force, he is as far removed from our ken as he is from the worm that crawls at our feet. The doctrine of Divine immanence so prevalent in our Churches, and, indeed, so widely entertained outside of them, is open to this most serious charge, of dissolving God into a nebulous abstraction. Christ came in order to incorporate into our thought a thinkable Heavenly Father. We only know or can know so much of God as can be expressed in terms of humanity.

As Professor Elmer Gates is perhaps its most eminent and able advocate, a very brief epitome of his system of thought will best bring out its salient points, and the fatal confusion into which it inevitably leads. Scores of foremost writers and educators of our times bear enthusiastic witness to his superior intellectual gifts and

achievements. In his brochure on the subject of immortality, incorporated in R. J. Thompson's symposium, we find him advancing the theory that One Mind is immanent in all substance, a beginningless and endless Being, whose dwelling place is infinite space, who embodies all power, and in whom we literally live and move and have our being. He argues that a Something, the eternal Mystery of the Universe, has always filled space, that if space had ever been empty it would be empty now, otherwise something could come out of nothing; that this uncaused, uncreated, Something must have been self-conscious mind, otherwise for the same reason no self-conscious mind could now exist; that this mind is therefore immanent in the Cosmos, coeternal with it and omnipresent in it; that it is impossible for consciousness to exist save in a state of perpetual change, for a uniform sensation quickly becomes unnoticeable, the pressure must perpetually change or the sensation will cease, consequently the Supreme Mind which is embodied in the infinite universe, as our minds are in our bodies, must constantly undergo changes which in order to be fully conscious must take place perpetually in every part; that living things are physiologic and psychologic organs within this omnipresent organism and all worlds and all intelligences are functioning parts, hence ever new worlds and new minds as new unfoldings must continually take place; that every living thing gives off electric waves that flash

through space with the speed of light; that sensory images are telepathically transmitted from brain to brain; that all organisms mutually act and react and are as closely linked as are our bodily organs by nerve fibres, all forming one mental, cosmical, never-ending process, the whole differentiating forever into millions of mind-embodiments; that, so far as we know, a living thing cannot exist apart from or independent of a material embodiment; that the universe, mind being immanent in every part of it, is a **Living Totality**; that human consciousness is a part of the Supreme Mind, immanently embodied in this universe, and man being a psychologic organ in this Omnicosm it is impossible for him to cease to exist, for God to be conscious throughout his whole being must be conscious of every part in it, and the very act of being conscious would be an act of re-creating, of eternal perpetuation; that for us to die would be for the uncreated God himself in part to cease to exist.

Thus with incisive analysis the Professor has attempted the solution of some of the most baffling mysteries that have ever confronted the human intellect. His elaborate system of psychology will doubtless receive marked attention by scholars the world over. The doctrine of Divine Immanence which it embodies is already, as I have said, a widely prevalent belief. The doctrine of Divine Transcendence, extra-cosmic, is necessarily wholly precluded. This extreme view is to me un-

distinguishable from the pantheism of the old Greek philosophers.

Pope bodied forth this same thought in his famous couplet in his *Essay on Man*,

“ All are but parts of onè stupendous whole
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul,”

and Professor Haeckel, Darwin's distinguished German disciple, affirms it with even greater emphasis, asserting that “souls are but the sum of plasma movements in the gangleon cells, and God nothing more than the infinite sum of all natural, all atomic forces, all ether vibrations.”

The mystery of the Divine Presence being considered by the great majority as too deep and too sacred for human fathoming, and the whole subject being in consequence hastily dismissed not only by such new cults as Christian Science and New Thought, as well as by the recently revived Oriental Theosophy, but even by conservative Christian beliefs, and dangerously ill-defined pseudo-pantheistic ideas of the Divine nature being suffered thus to creep in, portraying God as an infinitely distributed and all-embodying life-force or principle, or it may be an unconditioned personality, apart from which absolutely nothing exists as a separate entity, no independent, self-conscious, responsible human soul, God being, as it is phrased “all and in all,” modern thought thus helplessly and rapidly drifting afield it is certainly worth our while to enter upon a patient re-

examination of this most profound problem of Divine personality and Divine presence.

Of course we cannot hope with our finite powers to grasp the infinite, but if we would have God become to us a definite personality, a being whom we can love and to whom we can pray, we must form for ourselves a conception of him having somewhat at least a definite and appreciable outline, however inadequate that outline may actually be to the Great Original. If we are led to regard God simply as an immensity-filling force, as an unknowable and unthinkable intelligence, we have absolutely nothing left us to which love or faith or hope can cling. So imperatively necessary to any spiritual life in those of reflective habits are clear notions on this subject, every efforts should be made to dissipate as far as possible the many mist banks that have settled upon this portion of the world's mental landscape.

The question naturally arises, in what sense is God everywhere present? Is He distributed like an atmosphere, permeating every substance through and through, equally present and present in the same sense in every corner of his dominions at the same instant and continuously? Does he fill all space, reaching out on every side infinitely, having no limit, no form, no separate abiding-place, no existence apart from the universe he has made, but indiscriminately and inseparably commingled with it, so that all matter and force are nothing more than phases of the

Divine presence, everything being God, and God everything?

Can we believe in God's omnipresence and still avoid this mental fog-land? It will be impossible for us to free the subject entirely of difficulties, for the nature of our own personal presence is still, to a considerable extent, shrouded in mystery. Of the essential nature of the forces we know nothing. They are not only wholly impalpable to us, but wholly inconceivable. We are, however, led to believe that the physical and vital forces are entities in themselves, dwelling in matter and presiding over it but not constituting any part of it. Whether they have dimensions, and if so whether those dimensions are coextensive with the forms of the matter they inhabit, are subjects about which it is idle to conjecture. We only know of their presence by their effects on matter, and so we have been compelled to accept the conclusion that their presence is coextensive with their influence. The organic forces which have built up our bodies and are now lodged within them are supposed to be present in those bodies wherever their vitalizing influence is felt and no further. Our spirits,—which, if we can credit the testimony of self-consciousness, are forces separate from the organic and superior to them, yet lodged within the same tenements—are understood to extend their personal presence through the organisms just so far and just so long as they exercise direct personal control. The opinion that

the soul is seated somewhere in the brain generally prevails simply because that organ is the scene of the soul's greatest and most constant activity, the place where its influence is fullest felt. Personal presence, if closely analyzed, will be found to be made up of three distinctive elements,—knowledge, sympathy and will.

The soul can reach out farther than the confines of the body in all these three directions, and the circle of this outreaching may be properly regarded as the circle of its personal presence. We thus come into each other's presence when we approach near enough to be able to uncurtain our innerselves through the eye and ear and lip and lifted hand, when our faces shine out in frank avowal and our voices are intoned with the thought and feeling our hearts teach the tongue to express. The more numerous and the more widely opened the avenues of communication become, the more pronounced and immediate become the personal presence. We have given us other avenues than the bodily senses. There is a subtle and secret spiritual influence that exhales from every soul, an unconscious, self-revealing power, and power of making one's presence felt. What the radius of that influence is, or its nature, none know. The fact of its real existence, however, has long since ceased to be a matter of doubt.

This unconscious spiritual influence is supplemented by a conscious, deliberative out-reaching of the soul's sympathy and by direct acts of voli-

tion. So far away, then, as our souls can uncurtain themselves to others, and can make their power of sympathy and of will felt by direct spiritual impressment, so far sweeps the circle of our personal presence. Now, if our bodily senses were such that we could see each other and hear each other speak across a continent or around a world as readily as we now do across a room, and our unconscious and conscious spiritual influence and our sympathetic and volitional power could extend so far, we might properly assert that our personal presence was equally transcontinental or world-embracing. Right here, it seems to me, we have suggested an explanation of God's omnipresence which is wholly relieved from that vagueness which so tends to weaken Christian faith, and presents for our thought and worship a Being with as sharply defined a personality as our own, possessing precisely analagous characteristics simply magnified and perfected. Even had it not been revealed to us that we are created in God's image, we would be warranted by the principles of sound philosophy in basing our conceptions of him upon those we entertain of ourselves, to think of him as one the counterpart of whose attributes may be found in our own. If he has any other we cannot know it or have any basis upon which to form the least conception of it.

Suppose, then, God to be a spirit as distinctly different and apart from his universe as are our spirits from these garments of flesh that now en-

wrap them; suppose that he can see every object and watch every phenomenon in every part of his wide domain as readily and as perfectly as we can the things and the happenings in any single room in which we may chance to be, His organs of vision being not only telescopic but microscopic, and possessed, moreover, of what we understood by clairvoyance, a power to see through the densest substances, so that the most distant, the most minute, and the most opaque lie within easy and perfect visual grasp; suppose his means of acquaintance with such other qualities of his material universe as are revealed to us in part through our different organs of sense are also equally comprehensive and exact; suppose he is so perfectly conversant with the nature of all the delegated forces, and the conditions that unfetter them, that he can release or enchain them at his pleasure; suppose that his will can operate as directly and as effectively everywhere over both dead matter and living force as our wills do to the utmost confines of these encasing bodies of ours, his will working in precisely the same way, only with a wider sweep and a more commanding power; suppose he is placed so *en-rapport* with every thinking being that he not only knows what is passing in the most secret self-communings of every mind, but can opportunely introduce his own thought through telepathic channels and leave it to the laws of association and suggestion to work its transformations;

suppose he can entertain at the same instant an unlimited number of ideas without experiencing any more embarrassment or even as much as we when we entertain the few possible to our capacity, so that he can take ready cognizance of everything occurring, and divide his attention among as many changes as there are changes momentarily effected throughout habitable space; suppose, in other words, all the secrets of the universe lie open before him, and all the forces are made servitors directly and indirectly of his sovereign will,—then we may affirm of him not only omnipotence and omniscience, but also omnipresence as a natural and necessary result of these two, and yet predicate of him no means of knowledge or resource of power or phase of personal presence we ourselves do not possess in a limited, finite form, he differing from us in not a single attribute but simply in the perfectness and in the unlimited comprehensiveness of every one.

This viewing of God as a spirit in whose image we ourselves were fashioned at the first and whose wish and purpose it is that under laws and processes of evolution established by himself these implanted germs of Divine likeness shall unfold through the ages into more perfect and pronounced resemblance; this regarding of his personal presence as, in every essential, resembling our own, and differing only in sweeping through a wider circuit because based on a wider knowledge, a deeper sympathy, and a more imperial

will, while in no way belittling our conception of him, clears it happily of much of that pseudo-pantheistic mistiness and impersonality that make him seem to us so unreal and so almost hopelessly remote. Highly gratifying and sustaining it certainly will be to be able to thoroughly convince ourselves of God's continual and active presence in this world of ours and wherever hereafter, in the life beyond, our lot may be cast, and to bring within our finite comprehension how he can thus be present and present everywhere and during every moment and yet possess as distinct a personality as our own.

We must see that we need not be affrighted from the hope that in that far-off time when our characters will have become finally perfected and fixed through suffering and struggle, when it will have become safe for God to unveil his face, he will, as prophesied in St. John's Vision "dwell among us," in visible, companionable presence. If it is not in this new specific sense he is to be present, but simply as he has always been, certainly no mention would have been made of it as a supreme reward to this ransomed white-robed company which had come up out of great tribulation.

Tennyson in some inspired moment bequeathed in that poem which has long since taken rank as an English classic, this self-same concept as a last legacy to a longing, sorrow-burdened world, stating in the closing stanza:

“ For tho’ from out our bourne of time and place
The floods may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.”

Throughout Christ’s whole teaching, through his tender love of the Father, through his confident promise to his disciples, we find the same delineation of the Divine presence. For him to have made any other affirmation would have defeated the purpose of his mission, as it would have hopelessly shut out God from human thought and from human love. The interpretation of the nature of personality which I have here presented, while it brings God within the compass of our finite conception, at the same time makes no denial of his essential omnipresence, but the rather reaffirms it with added emphasis.

It now remains for us to discover, if we can, by following the trend of God’s past providence, completing the periphery of the circle of His thought from the section left us as a base, the next, and, as far as we can conceive, the final stage in the soul’s destiny.

Its moral warfare ended, the evolution of character having become complete, to what can it look forward in the ongoing of the still eternal years with anything like satisfactory anticipation? Is it destined to a surfeiting monotony of joy, to a dull routine of existence? Significant intimations have been given out from time to time of what have been kept in reserve against this day, and

no apprehension of any such fate need alarm us.

It will be noted in the first place that the overshadowing purpose in this life is unquestionably to conserve ethical and spiritual interests. The intellect has been handicapped in countless ways to further moral ends, yet despite all hindering physical weaknesses and necessitous burden-bearing, despite death's frustration of many cherished plans, its achievements have been astounding, as witness the wisdom stored in the world's great libraries, the discovery of the many hidden laws that govern nature's forces, the unearthing and utilizing of its vast treasure-houses of raw material, the penetrating with its telescopes into the farthest star-peopled spaces, and with its microscopes into the almost infinitely minute, thus extending the horizon of its vision well out into the uttermost bounds of the universe, the measuring and weighing of suns, and with its spectroscopes determining their elemental ingredients, the dominion of its overmastering might until all the swarming multitudes of earth and air and sea are subject to its sway, the making of the body's articulate utterances, through its telephones, heard across the broadest continents, the speeding of its thoughts with the swiftness of thunderbolts through the wireless air and with its telegraph lines encircling the globe, harnessing steam, electric and chemic forces to its vast machineries, to its ships and trains of trade. In the exercise and further development of our inherent intellec-

tual possibilities we shall be forever increasingly amazed at the inexhaustible richness of God's gifts. We shall find ourselves capable of entering into ever closer communion with the Divine Mind, of acquiring profounder insight into the vast plans of the universe, and aiding still further in their unfolding. We shall no doubt always be connected with God's physical worlds and engaged in revealing and rendering serviceable their hidden resources, as well as our own, of power and of privilege. What we have thus far done is but an earnest of what it is possible for us still to do. We have already in our indefatigable researches in science and our multitudinous inventions in the arts for utilizing nature's forces actually, though unconsciously, re-thought the thoughts of God, thus evincing our mental likeness and sonship. We have even become sub-creators, completing many of God's purposely unfinished designs in both the vegetable and animal kingdoms. The universe is still replete with ideas of his that are waiting to be wrought out through our co-operation as the ages go by one by one. Right here broad theatres for mental activity are awaiting us, priceless opportunities for entering into an ever-deepening intimacy with the Divine life.

The royal richness of these mental gifts are especially evidenced in the astounding achievements of genius in almost every department of thought and action,—achievements so transcendent and so mysteriously wrought the world is

still baffled in its attempts to explain their secret.

We have also been afforded glimpses of vast mental resources kept as yet in reserve, such as that strange psychic force of the sub-conscious self, subject to the call of suggestion, the marvelous gift of telepathy, by which the most secret whisperings of souls can be heard across the breadth of continents, the revealing hypnotic trance, the clairvoyant sight, the kinetic sway over matter, and other occult powers whose actual possession by man science at last reluctantly concedes, though the laws controlling them are still but very imperfectly understood.

The vast multitudes that people this planet go out of life with their mental development barely begun, and even those most cultured are at the very last painfully conscious of imperfection and immaturity, with impulses for growth still insistent within them, while boundless oceans of truth stretch away before them all unexplored. How eagerly will the quest be again resumed, how tireless and inspiring the study and utilization of the infinitely varied works of nature, and especially when with clarified minds they are granted, besides, that higher privilege of direct communion with the very mind of the Master.

The perfecting of human souls is unquestionably the consummation of God's plan on this planet, and upon the healthful, unique individualization of each one all his care has been centered. The question of how or when these souls came

into existence is seemingly an insoluble mystery. The old notion that matter and mind were created out of nothing has long since been discarded, it being one of the prime axioms of science that something cannot come out of nothing. And so the alternative is presented us of considering them either as without beginning or else as subsequent emanations from God himself. Yet how can either supposition be sustained? If without beginning, having already passed through an eternity of evolution, how is it possible that minds are still immature, why have they not reached perfection untold ages ago? Why do they not have some remembrance ante-dating their birth into the present life?

On the other hand, if our souls are, as we are led to believe, each a veritable entity, with a pronounced personality of its own, with independent, responsible, will power, capable of entering into open, persistent rebellion against the Divine will, and if, as our intuitions tell us, these our self-conscious *egos* are, also, each an invisible unit, how is it that the Divine *ego*, which is supposed to be like our own, can be susceptible of sub-division and the separated part can cease to be Divine, can become human and finite and afterward become debased?

C. L. Arnold, in his recent volume, entitled "Cosmos, the Soul and God," in attempting to solve this perplexed problem of our origin, boldly assumes that there has existed from all eternity

an impersonal yet intelligent, prolific, ever active psychical universe, back of which and outside of which stands a personal God directing it when and how he chooses, that his purposes never fail, and that the product of his infinite energy is marked by no imperfection, but that the inferior forms of psychical energy, the ill-developed creatures of every species of vegetable and animal life that perish before maturity are not of his creating, that his activity appears only in that larger plan of ultimate purpose, that he is not responsible for the fungus and the parasite, the claw, the talon and the fang, the heartless, universal preying of creatures upon each other, the devastating war of the elements, the dangerous pitfalls set to entrap on every hand, that these are but the accompaniments of that world-wide, world-deep, energizing that from all eternity has been progressing under the immutable law of evolution. It is true that this author, in this his monistic interpretation of the facts and findings of science, avoids on the one hand the quasi-pantheistic conception of Divine Immanence, and on the other the necessity of holding God accountable for the universal antagonism, the agonies and losses that accompany the coming and going of life on this planet, but in order to escape from this dilemma he is obliged, as we have pointed out, to suppose the existence of an intelligent, yet impersonal self-existent power pervading all physical and psychical processes throughout the cosmos, utterly

apart from God, yet subject to his will and used by him as an instrument in the working out of his beneficences through the ages. How there can be an intelligent power without personality and without responsibility, and how out of such impersonality personality could ultimately come, he leaves wholly unexplained, though it manifestly contradicts another well-known axiom of science, that nothing can be evolved that has not first been involved. As this his theory cuts off the vast majority of the human race from all hope of an after life, they being but the abortive attempts of this irresponsible, impersonal cosmic force, fit only to be swept into the scrap heap of the universe, it is of altogether too dismal a nature for us to accept without more positive proof, although he has spent twenty-five years, as he tells us, in its elaboration.

Dr. William B. Brown, D.D., Pastor Emeritus of the First Congregational Church of Newark, N. J., in a quite recent volume remarks, "The old idea was that when God created the universe he made it out of nothing; but this is naturally impossible and inconceivable. From nothing, nothing comes. Just what the stuff was that God put into the universe and then breathed into it the spirit of life we do not certainly know, but it must have been a pre-existent something; and what is more reasonable than to suppose that it was something of God's pre-existent self that he wrought into nature and breathed into that some-

thing the living spirit of law, light and progress. This does not mean self-creation, nor is it making God and nature identical, which would be pantheism. To put something of himself into the universe and its operations would deduct nothing from God's infinity or personality, for what is infinite cannot be made finite. Nor would it diminish his personal freedom in establishing such laws and operations as should in the end secure 'the highest good of being.' Till a better theory is found I accept this as the probable theory of creation. If it be not true, then, either the universe must have been created out of nothing, which is inconceivable, or else if matter existed independent of God, then how is God unconditioned and absolute."

Greater contradiction and confusion of thought than that embodied in this short paragraph I have never anywhere met with in all my reading, yet it is the deliberate production of a learned Doctor of Divinity. I will not take time to analyze the inconsistencies, as they are altogether too apparent to require pointing out. However, the statements quoted should not be regarded as proof that in general the author lacked lucidity or sanity of thought, they simply show the limitations of the human mind, the utter impossibility on the part of any of us to unravel the mystery of the origin or of the essential nature of matter and mind, and should serve as a warning to the rest of us against elaborating any theory, or attempt-

ing to shed any light, or even professing to have any clear and satisfying opinion regarding them. The doctor is partially conscious of the hopeless entanglement of ideas into which he has fallen. His fault lay in trying to entertain and express an opinion on a subject hopelessly beyond human grasp.

Dr. A. H. Strong, President of the Rochester Theological Seminary, in his work on "Christ in Creation and Ethical Monism," has also essayed to solve this riddle of origins, together with those other two with which it is inseparably joined, the nature of the Trinity, and the existence of evil, and with his distinguished coadjutors, to whom I have referred, has also succeeded in simply darkening counsel without knowledge, as the following excerpts will show: "How can there be any finite personality, or freedom, or responsibility, if all persons as well as all things are forms or modifications of the Divine? I venture to suggest this answer. Christ is of the substance of God, yet he possesses a distinct personality. If in the one substance of God there are three infinite personalities, why may there not be in that same substance multitudinous finite personalities? How can that which is of the substance of God ever become morally evil? While man never could break the natural bond, he could break the spiritual and introduce *even into the life of God* a principle of discord and evil." . . . "The Father by himself is the divine nature *latent*, unex-

pressed, unrevealed." . . . "In the eternal Christ, the Word, is God's truth, love and holiness as made objective and *revealed* to *himself*."
. . . "Since Christ is the principle of revelation in God, we may say that God *never thought*, said, or did anything except through Christ."
. . . "In Christ the divine and the human are indissolubly united." Without any attempted analysis, these quotations serve as strong cumulative proofs of the incongruities, the utter impossibilities of thought into which the most trained intellects are inevitably betrayed the moment they attempt to unravel these three great riddles of all time. How apropos the rejoinder of the woman of Samaria in her talk with Christ, "Sir, thou hast nothing to draw with and the well is deep." In view of these conspicuously unsuccessful attempts on the part of three learned, certainly earnest, yet perplexed thinkers, would it not be far better for us not to try to unravel the mystery of our origin, acknowledging, in the words of John Fiske, in his monograph on "The Destiny of Man," that "Whence came the soul we know no more than whence came the universe, that the primal origin of consciousness is hidden in the depths of a bygone eternity, that it cannot possibly be the product of any concurring arrangement of material particles is demonstrated beyond all peradventure by what we know of the correlation of physical forces; that while we know nothing of the primal origin of the soul we have learned some-

thing with regard to the conditions under which it has become incarnated in material forms"; acknowledging this, will it not be better to rest content with the assurance of the fact, a fact of infinite prophetic significance, that we are now, somehow, in some way, veritable living beings, with an eternal future before us, full of richest promise; that we can, if we choose, become purified and perfected through Christ's redemptive, transforming love, become joint heirs with him, and with him enter into direct, intimate companionship with the ever unfolding thought-life of God.

We have an implicit belief that altruistic love will finally prevail, that the eternal years of God are hers, that unsympathetic, selfish greed will be overthrown, that the consciousness of acting nobly is worth every sacrifice of wordly ease, or possession or prospect. What is it that we thus prize higher than life with all its alluring possibilities if not something that outweighs them all in worth and therefore must outlast them all. We acquire greatest consciousness of safety, of stability, of permanent triumph by coming into consciousness of having at the very core of our nature the indestructible principle of loving fidelity. We believe that love is immortal, and if we are allied with that, if that is the mainspring of our being, nothing can destroy us. We would not willingly sacrifice everything earthly for love if such belief were not the very ground work, the deepest sub-

stratum of all our spiritual being. This loyalty to love is counted by us of infinite value, and we are convinced that if our souls are possessed with it we are as eternal as God himself, that even he could not destroy us, for he himself is the supreme embodiment of love, and love cannot destroy love. The very fact that it is possible for us to become like him in nature makes it possible for us to become equally everlasting. It is for us to determine whether we will. Such height has been reached by some. It may be reached by all. This very attitude of the soul is eternal life. When the soul comes into it what is now called death is but transition, an incident, a change in an eternal life already begun. He that loses his life for love's sake the same shall save it. He becomes one of the immortals from that very hour. The grave has no victory,—death no sting. The soul has triumphed and has been crowned with the amaranth of immortality. Could God have anticipated and purposed the annihilation at the last of the whole human race when he thus endowed souls with these limitless capacities and possibilities for virtue? Yet he knew, as we have already remarked, that this whole world-pageant, as shown by science is finally to cease, that physical life throughout the universe is eventually to become extinct. The divineness of a life of love, it is this which Christ revealed. This is that supreme proof which he gave of immortality.

Love,—that which glorified his life and to en-

kindle which was the one all-absorbing purpose of his mission,—pure, perennial, perfecting love, in its casting out of fear uncurtains the soul, in its surrender of self sets the soul free. Its universal reign is that “far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves.” It alone can open the gates of the New Jerusalem, can thrill the soul with the quickening power of an endless life.

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